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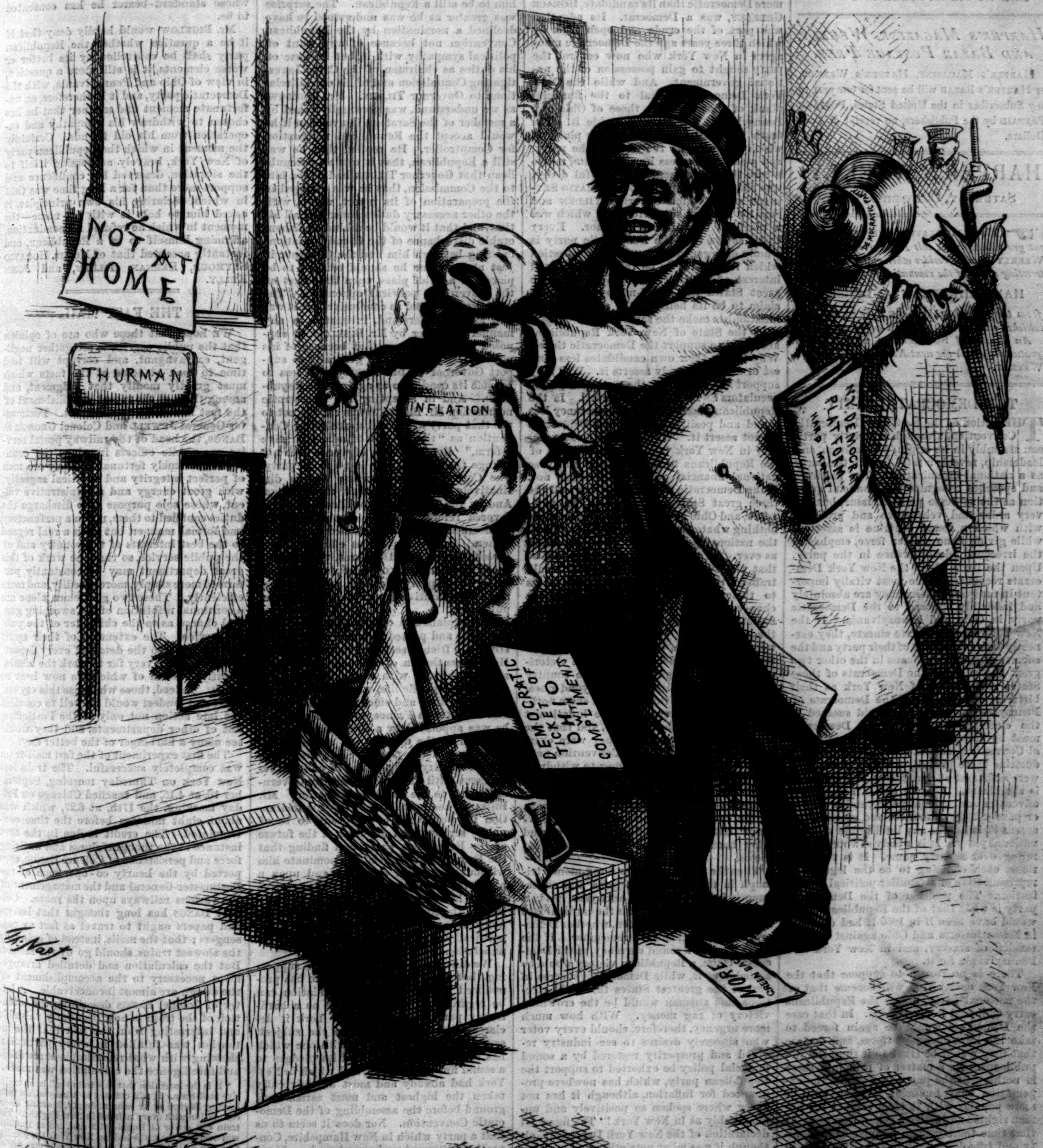
NOT AT HOME
THURMAN
INFLATION
DEMOCRATIC TICKET OF OHIO WITH COMPLIMENTS
MORE GREEN BACKS
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
N.Y. DEMOCRA PLATFORM HARD MONEY
Th. Nast

"HOLY MURDER!!!"

GOVERNOR TILDEN AND THE OHIO RAG BABY.

AFTER THE SHOWER.

A TENDER sky, half tears, half smiles,
  A sobbing breeze, green meadows where
A thousand diamonds glittering lie,
  And in the soft sweet summer air
The fragrance of reviving flowers,
  Which lift their drooping heads again,
And the sweet scent of woodland ferns,
  After the welcome summer rain.

From every bush and shrub and tree
  The quivering rain-drops hang and fall,
And twittering birds their wet wings shake,
  And plume themselves afresh, and call
Each other from the woodland groves,
  While the glad earth grows bright again,
And sunshine floods the landscape o'er,
  After the welcome summer rain.

With sense of life renewed and fresh,
  The world is fairer to our eyes,
And Nature, jubilant and glad,
  Smiles 'neath the smile of joyous skies.
Back to the fields the farmer goes,
  And toil, suspended, once again
Goes on, with vigor twice restored
  After the welcome summer rain.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, besides other matter, a very interesting sketch of the romantic life of the late*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,

from the pen of MR. HORACE E. SCUDDER, *embellished with several fine wood-engravings.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE action of the New York Democratic Convention, although a strictly partisan assembly in its origin, composition, and leadership, reveals a fatal feud in the party as a national organization. The platform and speeches recognize the financial question as the supreme political issue, but the very ardor and vehemence and prolixity with which a sound doctrine is asserted, while giving it no greater force, emphasize the irreconcilable difference in the party. Upon the issue which the New York Democrats recognize as the most vitally important in national politics they are absolutely and inflexibly opposed to the Democratic party in Ohio and Pennsylvania. If the New York Democrats are sincere, they earnestly desire the defeat of their party and the success of the Republicans in the other two great States, while the Democrats of those States revile those of New York as their bitterest opponents. If the Democrats of Pennsylvania and Ohio should succeed in the election, the New York Democrats must be prepared to bolt in their National Convention, should the Ohio Democratic doctrine there prevail, or confess that they were dishonest at Syracuse. The spectacle is significant. A party which in one State advocates one national policy, and in another passionately denounces and exposes and scorns it, is not, in any intelligible sense, a national party. It is a body of voters quarreling over a party name. It is two factions, each claiming to be the legitimate representative of a familiar political organization. The position of the Democratic party is what that of the Republican party would have been if in 1860 it had declared in Massachusetts and Ohio against the extension of slavery, and in New York and Pennsylvania for it.

There is no reason to suppose that the New York declaration will become that of the national party, unless the Republicans carry Ohio and Pennsylvania. In that case the Democrats would be again forced to take the Republican platform, and declare that they would be truer to it than the Republicans. As a matter of principle, there is nothing in the party to warrant the expectation that financial honesty will be more popular with it than respect for human rights and justice a generation ago. At that time there was an impulse of humanity and true democracy in the party both in Ohio and New York, known as the Free-soil movement. But it soon ended in the exclusion of the Free-soilers and the absolute tyranny of the party by the slave power. It was not until the Republican party arose, conquered the slave power in arms, abolished slavery, renewed the Union as a bond of liberty, and held power for more than ten years, making equal rights the universal law, that the Democratic party, under its leaders of 1860 and of to-day, dared to declare the only fundamental democratic doctrine, which the party of that name in this country has always denied and defied, of equal and exact justice to all men.

There is no reason whatever, therefore, in the history of the party, certainly nothing in its present condition, which authorizes the expectation that the sound financial views of the New York Democracy will become the faith and practice of the national organization merely because they are right. The attempt of the Syracuse platform to prove that New York and not Ohio is the legitimate party heir by reference to the national Democratic platform of 1872 is futile. That platform was the work and the declaration of the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati, and was merely appropriated by the Baltimore Convention. It was no more Democratic than its candidate, HORACE GREELEY, was a Democrat. Its adoption was part of the crude and open trick by which three years ago the Democratic managers in New York who now control the party sought to gain possession of the national government. And while the New York Democrats appeal to the financial plank of that platform, those of Ohio and Pennsylvania discard and deride it. The truth is that the last Democratic platform which was actually the work of the party, and meant to express its sentiments, not to secure the government by an artful dodge, was that of 1868, upon which HORATIO SEYMOUR stood, which Governor TILDEN and Senator KERNAN supported, and which was a platform of financial dishonor. Every thing shows that the Democratic party is wholly disorganized upon the very question which it declares to be the chief national interest of the time. In one of the three great States the sound-money Democrats claim to be its heirs, in the other two the inflationists make the same claim.

In the State of New York Republicans are urged to support the Democratic ticket. Why? Are their own candidates less honest or able? Nobody asserts it. Will they support less vigorously the war upon public peculators? It is not pretended. Is the Republican position upon the currency less sound and positive? Even the Democrats do not assert it. Would a Democratic victory in New York tend more than that of the Republicans to insure a just and wise national financial policy? Obviously not. If the Democratic party should carry all the three great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio at the approaching election, nothing whatever would be determined, and the national policy would be as uncertain as ever. All that could be known would be that the two factions of the party would transfer their radical and fatal differences to their National Convention, with the chances in favor of the triumph of the inflationists, who would have carried two of the great States. The result of a party victory in all three of those States in any election ought to be decisive as to the victorious party. It ought to show the country that the party policy is fixed beyond question. But at this time it would show nothing whatever, except that the inflationist Democrats were the stronger, and that the hard-money Democrats, if they were overpowered in their National Convention next year, would be bound in honor to withdraw and make a third nomination, or to support the Republican candidate. But it would by no means follow that they would withdraw, as the conduct of Senator THURMAN, Governor HENDRICKS, ex-Senator PUGH, and other hard-money Democrats at the West shows.

Thus the only chance for a rag-money triumph in the autumn elections, and consequently in the election of next year, lies in a Democratic victory. That is the cardinal fact for honest hard-money men, whether Democrats or Republicans, to remember. If the great issue be a sound currency, as the Democrats claim, a Republican victory would be a pledge of it, while Democratic success in two of the greatest States that hold elections this autumn would be the crowning victory of rag money. With how much more urgency, therefore, should every voter who sincerely desires to see industry revived and prosperity restored by a sound financial policy be exhorted to support the Republican party, which has nowhere pronounced for inflation, although it has not every where spoken so positively and unmistakably as in New York! The financial declaration of the New York Democrats, although it was what patriotism and common honesty demanded, and was but the following of the Republican example, has destroyed the unity of the Democratic party, showing still more emphatically than ever that upon so vital a question of public policy the party has no common conviction or aim. And the whole situation presents to honest and patriotic voters the same question: If the old parties are actually disorganized, whatever the assumptions of their continued existence may be, if there really be no common ground upon which their adherents may continue to stand, still the names, the impulses, the traditions, the tendencies remain, the party organizations remain; and to which may all the questions of the present and immediate future be most safely intrusted—to a party composed of those who have the convictions and sympathies and purposes known to all of us as Republican, or those which are known as Democratic?

MR. BIGELOW AND THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

THE Democratic nomination of Mr. JOHN BIGELOW as Secretary of State in New York and his immediate acceptance were a surprise to many persons who had supposed him to be still a Republican. The surprise was greater as he was understood to have declined a nomination by the Republican Convention not because of any want of political sympathy with it, but because of his duties as chairman of the Canal Investigating Commission and of his official relations to Governor TILDEN. Mr. BIGELOW, as we understand, was personally asked by a member of the Saratoga Convention if he would accept the Republican nomination for Comptroller. He replied that he was still a Republican, that it was as a Republican that Governor TILDEN had called him to the Commission, that he was engaged in the preparation of its report, which, with the other necessary duties, consumed all his time, and that it would be a kind of dishonorable disturbance of the friendly relations existing between him and the Governor if just at this time he should consent to be placed in a chief place upon the ticket of the Governor's political opponents. The reply was accepted as conclusive, but it was not, as we understand, intimated in any manner whatever by Mr. BIGELOW, or supposed by the inquirer, that because of his position he was disposed generally to support Governor TILDEN's party, still less to become its candidate as against the Republican. And in accepting the Democratic nomination Mr. BIGELOW was careful not to use that party name, and spoke of the Convention as "the friends of administrative reform." But this form of words does not change the fact. There is no third party. The Convention at Syracuse was as distinctively partisan as that at Saratoga. And as the Saratoga Republican platform favored reform quite as earnestly as the Democratic, and as a Republican Attorney-General had been quite as efficient in its prosecution as any Democrat, those words imply that Mr. BIGELOW accepts the Democratic as the party of reform, and, of course, mark his definitive separation from the Republicans.

The explanation of a course which has surprised and pained so many of Mr. BIGELOW's old friends seems to us very evident. He is a gentleman of conceded ability and accomplishment, with a decided taste for politics and public life, which made him an excellent editor and efficient consul-general and minister in France, to which positions he was appointed by a Republican Administration in the days of the unquestioned supremacy of the party. Since his return to this country he has lived in political retirement until his appointment by Governor TILDEN to the canal investigation. Mr. BIGELOW has probably not lost his inclination for public life or his desire to be of public service; and doubtful of the future of the Republican party, and finding that the Democrats were ready to nominate him without pledges of any kind and upon a platform of hard money and administrative reform, he considers acceptance of the nomination the surest way to re-enter an active political career without the sacrifice of any political principle, and only with the renunciation of old party associations.

We differ with him profoundly in supposing that a party which elsewhere has pronounced unconditionally for inflation can be regarded in any just sense as a hard-money party because in New York it declares sound principles upon the subject, especially when contrasted with one which has constantly strengthened its pledges to a sound financial system, and which in New York had already and most unequivocally taken the highest and most satisfactory ground before the assembling of the Democratic Convention. Nor does it seem to us that a party which in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Missouri, and elsewhere has shown the same old spirit of plunder and reaction, and which in its most powerful local organization in this State, that of Tammany Hall, is absolutely subject to personal dictation, can be truly described as a party of administrative reform because Governor TILDEN is exposing canal thieves. We believe that Mr. BIGELOW could have found quite as earnest a purpose to reform administrative abuses, quite as stanch a fidelity to a sound financial system, quite as profound a respect for equal rights, for personal and political liberty, and for the Union and for the Constitution in its loftiest spirit, quite as resolute a determination to resist every effort to control our politics in the interest of the Roman Church, and to maintain the integrity of our free-school system, quite as much patriotism, honesty, intelligence, political ability, and moral power, quite as much true American feeling, hope for free institutions and for wise, humane, just, and pure government—in a word, quite as much sincere devotion to the results which, as a loyal citizen, he may be presumed to have at heart, and quite as much disposition and power to secure those results—among his late political friends and associates, however doubtful their present success may seem to him, as he will find in the party of Tammany Hall, whose standard-bearer he has consented to be.

Mr. BIGELOW would hardly deny that if it be a question whether the Republican party shall be controlled by its better or worse elements, it is still more a question, in view of Ohio and Pennsylvania, with the Democratic party, and it is, therefore, an unfortunate moment and manner that he has chosen to withdraw his sympathy and co-operation from his old friends. Certainly the moment in which the Republican party of New York, bravely addressing itself to the situation, deserved his confidence and support more than for a long time was that in which, declaring his own principles, it asked him to help it with his name—the moment in which he refused its nomination, affirming himself to be a Republican, and instantly accepted that of Messrs. HORATIO SEYMOUR, KERNAN, TILDEN, and JOHN KELLY.

THE FAST MAIL.

WE hope that those who are of opinion that the public service is altogether negligent, extravagant, and corrupt will find time to look at some of the facts which must greatly modify that judgment, and among them at the recent establishment of the fast mail-train to the West. Postmaster-General JEWELL and Colonel GEORGE S. BANGS, the head of the railway postal service, are public officers in whom the country is extremely fortunate. They are men of perfect integrity and practical sagacity, with great energy and administrative talent, whose sole purpose is to discharge the duties confided to them, not in a perfunctory and formal manner, but with a real regard to the best interests of the country and of the public service, so that the work of this great department may be constantly performed more simply, more speedily, and more efficiently. These two gentlemen alone are a continual refutation of the sweeping general charge as to the character of the public service. The extension of their spirit and energy into the detail of every department would go very far to work the administrative reform of which we now hear so much. Indeed, those who raise this cry oftenest and loudest would do well to consider the late action not only of the Post-office, but of other departments, and they would see many a harbinger of the better day.

The first experiment of the fast mail-train was completely successful. The train left New York on Thursday morning, September 16, at 4.15, and reached Chicago on Friday morning, the 17th, at 6.27, which was about eight minutes before the time contemplated. The credit is due in the first instance to the thoughtfulness and untiring force and persistence of Colonel BANGS, supported by the hearty co-operation of the Postmaster-General and the management of the various railways upon the route. Colonel BANGS has long thought that letters and papers ought to travel as fast as passengers; that the mails, instead of going by the slowest trains, should go by the fastest. But the calculation and detailed arrangement necessary to the accomplishment of the design are almost inconceivable. A letter of Colonel BANGS describing the intention of the train is now peculiarly valuable and interesting from the fact that the intention was fulfilled in every particular, showing with what remarkable shrewdness and intelligence the calculation was made.

> "It is the intention that this train shall be an exclusive mail-train. It will connect at Albany with a train leaving Boston at or near midnight, insuring direct connection with every railroad in New England. The train will arrive at Buffalo at 8 P.M., and at Dunkirk will overtake the mails leaving New York the evening previous by the Erie road, and all mails it may gather for the West from the towns and connections leading to the Erie road from New York and Pennsylvania. The Fast Mail will arrive at Cleveland at 8 P.M., overtaking the mails that leave New York the evening previous by the Hudson River and New York Central road. At Cleveland direct connection will be made for Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis, arriving at the first-named at 12 midnight, the second at 5 A.M.,

> and at the last-named at 7.30 A.M. This insures a connection with all the morning trains in Ohio and Indiana, and by sundown of the evening of the next day after leaving New York the mails will arrive at destination at all railroad points in those two States. The same thing will be true of the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, as the Fast Mail will arrive at Toledo at 11 P.M., and at Chicago in time to go out on all trains for Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. The mails by the establishment of this train will be in St. Paul, Omaha, and Kansas City at or near the hour they now arrive at Chicago, or a saving of from twelve to eighteen hours for all points east of the Missouri River, and a clean cut of twenty-four hours for all the Territories and States west of the Missouri River. This train will carry the mails to and from near 20,000,000 of people, with a saving of twelve to twenty-four hours' time. It will take up and leave a mail at every station between New York and Chicago, and the distribution of the mails for all points will be made upon the train, and dispatched from it to all connecting roads and post-offices. Coming East, the train will leave Chicago after arrival of all trains at night, and be at Albany at nine o'clock the next night, and there connect with train for Boston and all roads in New England the following morning. It is believed that all this can be accomplished without a material increase of the expenses of mail transportation, and in the end will prove to be a measure of economy in money as well as time."

This successful enterprise is the most important recent step in the development of the domestic postal service, and with the conclusion of the treaty for the equalization of foreign postage, during the last year, it shows with what masterly fidelity this most important department of the government is managed.

"THE NEW YORK CANVASS."

The following article under this head is from the Springfield *Republican*. We do not agree with its conclusions, but it shows that the late action of the Republicans of New York challenges the commendation of one of their severest critics. After mentioning the names of the candidates, it proceeds:

> "So far as the men personally are concerned, it is a better choice—and therefore a more difficult one—than American voters in any State have latterly been accustomed to: we are quite prepared to believe that many New Yorkers, comparing the two tickets, are for the moment at a loss to decide between them. In the essential point of character, of personal uprightness and trustworthiness, it does not yet appear that there is any thing to choose. All the nominees are vouched for as men of clean records and undoubted integrity. Both Conventions seemed to have been profoundly impressed with a sense of the policy, not to say necessity, of putting the best foot foremost. In the matter of ability it is not claimed on either side that all the selections touch high-water mark. Messrs. Fairchild and Danforth, for instance, may be all that is deserving; but they are not Charles O'Conor and William M. Evarts. Indeed, it has been made an objection to the tickets that they are 'too young'—meaning by this that an unusual proportion of the candidates are either actually young in years or figuratively young in the public knowledge. Thus Mr. Cornell is but thirty-three, while his competitor, Mr. Van Buren, has only two years the better of him. Of the two tickets, we are under the impression that the Democratic averages considerably the younger. But youthfulness is not necessarily an objection to a candidate; it is often a positive recommendation. It all depends upon the quality of the man and the nature of the work to be done. In New York's case, other things being equal, a young man is likely to prove more useful than one of the elders. Both tickets are headed very strongly. If Messrs. Bigelow and Robinson would bring exceptional aptitude and training to the duties of the offices for which they are named, so would Messrs. Seward and Spinner. Whichever pair were elected, New York would be sure of being ably and honestly served. The canvass will not turn upon the personal merits of the candidates, however. It has other and broader aspects. If we retain the old labels 'Democrat' and 'Republican' in discussing it, it is purely for greater convenience of designation. The Republican party in New York, no less than the Democratic, has felt the necessity of coming out of its shell and endeavoring to adapt itself to the changed conditions of the changed times. The only difference is that its effort has been less courageous, and therefore less successful. Had it made this effort to liberalize and popularize itself even two years ago, it would most likely have held the State. But they allowed the opportunity to slip through their fingers, and the State slipped after it. Mr. Tilden was quick to profit by their short-sightedness. The result is that while they are at last on the right road, he has got the start of them. In road parlance, they find themselves compelled to 'take his dust.' The Syracuse ticket represents two things as the Saratoga ticket doesn't and can't: I. Reform in the State government; not merely a reformatory purpose and programme, but actual reformatory effort and accomplished results. II. The conservative rally against rag-money incendiaries, calling themselves Democrats, who have been setting fires at the West. It is because it stands for these two things that this ticket practically compels the support of such journals as the *Tribune* and *Evening Post*, and of the class of voters to and for whom these journals speak. It is because of this representative character that it is going to be elected."

This article concedes that the New York Republicans have taken a perfectly satisfactory position, both upon national and local issues, but asserts that they are too late, and will be beaten in the State because they promise to do no more than the Democratic Governor is already doing. The *Republican*, then, would probably concede that if Republicans every where hold the sound views of those in New York, the sole practical question in 1876 will be whether they are less to be trusted to stick to those principles than the Democrats, who, if they follow their brethren in New York and Wisconsin, will announce the same principles. In other words, there being no difference as to professions of policy, the practical question in 1876, as we say elsewhere, will be whether the situation in the Southern States, the finances, and the great interests of administrative reform, including the reformation of the civil service system, will be more wisely and efficiently treated by the Republicans or by the Democrats. The answer to this question necessarily involves the consideration of the political traditions, habits, associations, intelligence, and true republicanism of those who are and for a generation have been Republicans, and those who have been Democrats. If the action of the New York Republican Convention shall result in presenting this simple question to the country, it will be in the highest degree successful, whatever the immediate local result in the State may be.

ALABAMA AND SECESSION.

A very important fact was recently stated in a very brief telegram which was sent from Montgomery, in Alabama, the first capital of the seceding States. "The Constitutional Convention adopted a bill of rights to-day. The following section was adopted unanimously: 'The people of this State accept as final the established fact that from the Federal Union there can be no secession of any State.'" This is a frank and formal recognition which settles in terms the question of what is called State sovereignty, so far as Alabama is concerned. Whatever sovereignty, as applied to a State of the Union, may mean, Alabama agrees that it does not mean a right to destroy the Union by secession. That has been hitherto the reserved and intentional and pregnant meaning and menace of the phrase. To insist, as was the habit of a certain political school in the last generation, that the Union is a confederacy of sovereign States was to foster the conviction that it was dissoluble, so far as any State was concerned, at the pleasure of that State. This was undoubtedly the sincere conviction of a large part of the voting population of the Southern States, and it was this conviction that made the attitude of the Union in the war appear to it to be unjust.

It is wise and manly in the Convention of Alabama to state, in the fundamental law of the State, the true doctrine of the Union, as established by the conviction of the majority and by the final appeal. It may be called in a certain sense superfluous. But that is merely a technical objection. The unanimous adoption by a State of the late Confederacy of a fundamental clause renouncing the right of secession is the most important evidence yet offered of the error of suspecting any smothered ill designs against the Union. It is the formal closing of that fatal era of political division as to the nature of the government, a division which always holds in it the ripe seeds of civil war. It disposes forever of the mysterious and perilous oracles of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. Alabama, indeed, makes no confession, nor could any be given or asked. The new fundamental clause does not say that the theory sought to be established by the Confederacy was wrong: it simply accepts as an established fact that there can be no State secession from the Union.

Nor does the adoption of the clause show that Alabama, while acknowledging the indestructibility of the Union by secession, may not co-operate in efforts to pervert the power of the Union. She does not by this act confess any sympathy with the general political principles of those who have finally established their view of the Union as correct. The Southern wing of the Democratic party has purposes which it will not relinquish, and which the party is not likely to refuse. But all its objects will be sought within the existing frame of government. The problems that lie before us are many. Happily our courage is great; and this act of Alabama shows that the threat of dissolving the Union has not only ceased to be an argument, but is formally abandoned.

PERSONAL.

In one of the bright New York letters to the Boston *Evening Gazette* mention is made of Mr. A. R. Macdonough, secretary of the Erie Railway Company, as "the lawyer-critic, so perfect as a scholar and so modest that he has been often compared to Thackeray's Warrington." He is a son of the late distinguished Commodore Macdonough, president of the St. Nicholas Society, secretary of the Century, and perhaps its most beloved member. He was the classmate of Bristed, and held by the latter to be the first lay scholar in America—a lawyer by profession, a poet and critic. He writes the best reviews in serial papers and magazines, and translated Papillon's remarkable papers for the *Popular Science Monthly*.

—Professor Fawcett, M.P., at a recent distribution of prizes in England, deprecated the prevailing practice of studying too many subjects, and recommended instead the thorough mastering of a few as more likely to promote mental growth.

—The common idea of Garibaldi is that he is one of those icy, self-denying patriots who feast on frigid meats and imbibe raw water. It is a mistake. He does not. During a recent excursion he occupied a villa with his family at Civita Vecchia, where he was supposed to be lodged and boarded at the public expense for a month. The settling of the bill reveals the fact that the general, hitherto described as so Spartan in his tastes, consumed with his friends during that time eighteen bottles of wine and eighty pounds of ice *daily*, to say nothing of other things in proportion. Such is the vivacity of the Italian character!

—Gouverneur Kemble, who died on the 16th of September, at Cold Spring, on the Hudson, was one of a class of men who in this country are quite rare. To fine abilities and culture he added inventive faculties and business capacity of a high order. His house was for over half a century proverbial for its hospitality, and his guests were among the foremost in the country in social, political, literary, and professional position. He was one of the seven surviving nominees of the Tontine Association. The share on his life was purchased by his father at the formation of the association, in 1792, when he was only five years old, the compact of the share-holders being that the property of the association should be divided when the number of nominees, originally two hundred, had been reduced to seven. This occurred a year or two ago, and suits are pending for the division of the property. His share cost $200, but is worth $150,000. It has been owned by different persons, and the holders have been paid their proportion of the income of the association every year. Mr. Kemble's death leaves only five nominees living. William Bayard, who was one of the seven survivors, died a few months ago, aged eighty-eight years.

—William Irwin, Governor elect of California, is a native of Ohio, but has resided in California for the last twenty-three years. He has been editor of the Yreka (California) *Union*, and has served several terms in the Legislature. When Mr. Booth resigned the Governorship last February to take his seat in the United States Senate, Mr. Irwin was chosen President of the Senate and acting Lieutenant-Governor.

—At a recent revival meeting at Holyoke, Massachusetts, Mr. Whittle related the incident on which Mr. Sankey's hymn "Hold the Fort" was founded. He said there was a time of great risk to the army, when the immense dépôt of supplies at the fort in Altoona Pass was held by a single brigade against a whole division of the rebel army. Sherman was extremely anxious, and, while the battle raged, he went up upon Kenesaw Mountain to signal to the besieged. For a long time he could not attract their attention through the smoke of the conflict, but finally a response was received, and the general sent this signal: "Hold the fort, for I am coming. W. T. Sherman."

—Elihu Root, of the Amherst College class of 1867, formerly a teacher at Williston Seminary and a tutor in college, has been for the last four years at Berlin devoting himself to the study of physics and the higher mathematics. For some time of late he has been at work constructing a battery, at great cost of time and money, and now it appears that he has the most powerful electric battery in Berlin, if not in the world, with which he is making profound researches in the subject of his study. At present he is at work upon a problem and experiment by which an electric light that can be seen through fog can be produced.

—Mr. Walter Thornbury writes to *Notes and Queries* that London has only one street, and that a mean one, named after Shakspeare, and none after Byron. It is different in our republic. We name them after members of Assembly, coroners, constables, and such.

—An interesting literary fact is found in Julian Charles Young's *Journal*, under date of September 2, 1872: "Dr. John Brown paid us a welcome visit. He told us that, though it used to be so confidently asserted that John Wilson at one time, John Lockhart at another, Hamilton at another, had been editors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, yet that as long as Blackwood the first was living he was the sole editor, and that since his death Blackwood the second has reigned in his stead, and continues to wield the editorial sceptre with equal tact and ability."

—That was a pleasant little note sent the other day by a creditor to a meeting of the creditors of Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham, booksellers, and showed the high esteem in which they were held by the trade and as gentlemen. The creditor wrote expressing regret that he could not attend the meeting, that he would cheerfully assent to any proposition of compromise that might be made, and that, if necessary, he would be glad to join the other creditors in submitting to an assessment to raise capital rather than have such good fellows go out of the trade!

—General Spinner has his special sanctum in the rear part of his residence at Mohawk. It is his pride. It contains his geological and conchological collection—one of the largest of the kind in the State. It was made entirely by the general in the intervals of rest from his public duties.

—Isaac Jackson's descendants celebrated, a few days since, at Harmony Grove, Pennsylvania, the 150th anniversary of his settlement near that town. In 1725 Isaac Jackson, a Quaker, came to America to secure the civil and religious liberty denied him in England. Among his many descendants were Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, the late Dr. Samuel Jackson, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Isaac W. Jackson, the mathematician. Two thousand members of the Jackson family had been invited to attend the celebration, and nine hundred were present.

—Abial Jones, of Somers, Connecticut, died a few days since, aged ninety. He was a bachelor, had never ridden in the cars, and had always lived with a maiden sister only two or three years younger than himself. Abial Jones left nearly $100,000: took nothing with him—not a penny.

—The late William S. Blackinton, of North Adams, Massachusetts, directed in his will that the firm of S. Blackinton & Son should continue for two years, so that there might be no hardship to the work-people by being suddenly thrown out of employment.

—When M. Thiers complained that the sunshine hurt his eyes, a friend proposed blue spectacles. "Change the color of my spectacles!" said the veteran. "Oh no! the country would be agitated for a month."

—A pewter set of General Burgoyne's, marked with his name, is now in possession of a family at Gansevoort, New York, where it has been for nearly a century. It was found near the battle-field of Saratoga, in a hollow stump.

—"Grace Greenwood," peeping at the Prime Minister of England from the Speaker's Gallery, says of Disraeli: "He is sadly changed—looks careless and melancholy, jaded and Judaical. His curls have lost their hyacinthian character, have straightened with the weight of years. There is no trace left of 'Vivian Grey,' and little of 'Lothair.'"

—Lord Monteagle, who is about to marry a daughter of the Bishop of Meath, is very well known in the East End of London. He frequently goes to Whitechapel and works among the poor in that district. In fact, he is a second Edward Denison.

—Among the lady candidates who were successful at the recent Oxford local examinations were the two daughters of Professor Max Müller, who, besides the preliminary subjects, passed in English, French, and German.

—The Bayards of Delaware may be regarded as one of the historical families of the country. They are derived from one Nicholas Bayard, a French Huguenot, who came to America in 1647 with his brother-in-law, the celebrated Peter Stuyvesant, Dutch Governor of New York. Hamilton Fish and the present United States Senator Bayard are, therefore, remote connections. One hundred and twenty years after the arrival of Nicholas Bayard, James Asheton Bayard was born in Philadelphia, and died forty-eight years afterward. James A. Bayard was educated at Princeton College, studied law in Philadelphia, and went to Congress at the age of twenty-nine to support John Adams's administration as a Federalist. He was one of the men who bolted the Federal ticket and made Jefferson President, and was rewarded for it by a re-election to the Senate in place of his father-in-law, Bassett. It was James A. Bayard, Sen., who assisted to make the Treaty of Ghent, and two of his sons went to the United States Senate—Richard Bassett Bayard, who died in 1868, at the age of seventy-two, and James A. Bayard, Jun., who succeeded his brother, after a lapse of twelve years, as United States Senator in 1851, serving eighteen years at Washington, part of the time as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. James A. Bayard, Jun., resigned in favor of his son, Thomas F., in 1869, so that the Senatorship has been a family matter among the Bayards for the last seventy years. The present Senator is just forty-seven years old, is dignified, scholarly, industrious, and highly esteemed not only by his colleagues, but by all who know him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The early reports of the destruction of life and property by the Texas cyclone are fully confirmed by later advices. A New Orleans dispatch to the Cincinnati *Times* says that out of 300 houses at Indianola only five remain standing. During the night of Thursday, September 16, while the storm was at its height, the water in the city rose over six feet in two hours, the wind blowing eighty-eight miles an hour, driving the water and breakers through the city at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, sweeping every thing in its way, and covering the plain in the rear of the city for ten miles to a depth of several feet. Several small settlements, numbering a total population of 150, were also swept out of existence, making, with the 250 lost at Indianola, a total of 400 lives lost. The gentleman conveying this information gave a most harrowing account of the destitution of the survivors. When he left Indianola, Monday afternoon, ninety bodies had been recovered. The stench in the city from the putrefaction of these bodies, and with the stench from dead animals, was almost intolerable. It is also stated that a party of Mexicans, Sunday, began robbing the dead bodies washed to the plain, four to six miles back of the city. The scoundrels chopped fingers, hands, and ears from men and women to obtain jewelry. As soon as this was heard of in the city, a party of citizens went out and killed five Mexicans whom they found engaged in the work.

Judge N. A. Henderson, formerly a resident of West Virginia, and prominently identified with the politics of that State, died at his residence in Denver, Colorado, September 23.

The New York State Liberals held a Convention at Albany, September 22, and passed resolutions approving of the campaign for reform, but made no nominations.

Ex-Assemblyman George D. Lord, and William H. Bowman, of Rochester, were arrested September 20, the former on a charge of bribery and conspiracy in connection with the canal frauds, and the latter for conspiracy in the same matter. Upon being arraigned, Lord pleaded "Not guilty," and added the special plea that the proceedings were barred by the statute of limitations. Lewis J. Bennett and Thaddeus C. Davis, of Buffalo, were arraigned the same day on the charge of conspiracy, and admitted to bail in the sum of $5000 to answer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

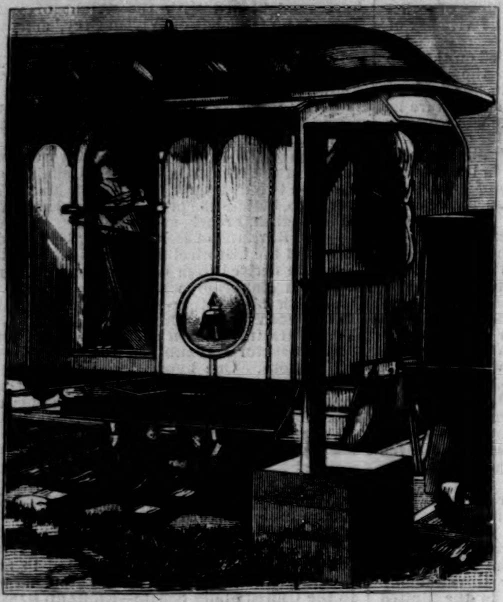
The commotion in the Turkish provinces is not yet ended. The Servian Skouptschina has replied to the speech from the throne. All means necessary to protect the liberties of the people and the security of the country are placed at the disposal of Prince Milan. Referring to the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the address says: "Perpetual suffering has compelled our brethren to take up arms. Our hearts bleed for them. We shall give your Highness every means to enable you to assist in restoring peace to Bosnia and Herzegovina, and confide in your wisdom for the accomplishment of this noble mission." Immediately following the publication of the address comes the news that the Servian Minister of War has ordered five batteries of artillery and four battalions of infantry to proceed to the Bosnian frontier. Turkish troops are stationed on the other side of the line. The Serbs are throwing up breastworks. Another dispatch states that Servia and Montenegro have notified the powers of their determination to remain neutral.

The French newspaper *Le Temps* confirms the report that the government has determined to make the adoption of the system of voting by arrondissements instead of departments a cabinet question. *Le Temps* adds that President M'Mahon declared at a cabinet meeting that he could be no longer in favor of immediate dissolution of the Assembly if that body adopted the system of voting by departments.

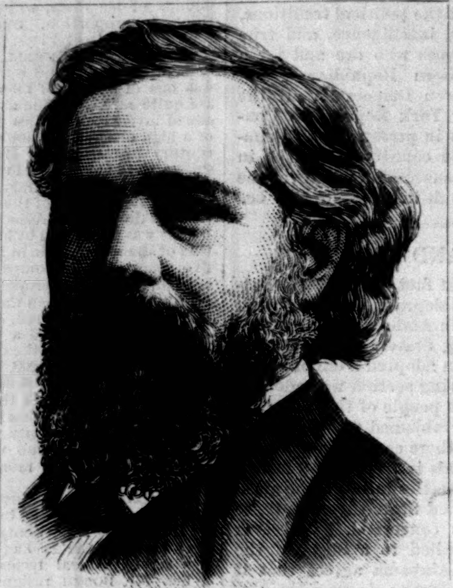
Twenty-five hundred Carlists are blocked by 10,000 of the royal troops at Viella. They will probably be forced across the frontier.

The Brazilian Minister of Public Works, on September 21, presented in the Chamber of Deputies a request of the Emperor to sanction a visit of eighteen months' duration to Europe and the United States.

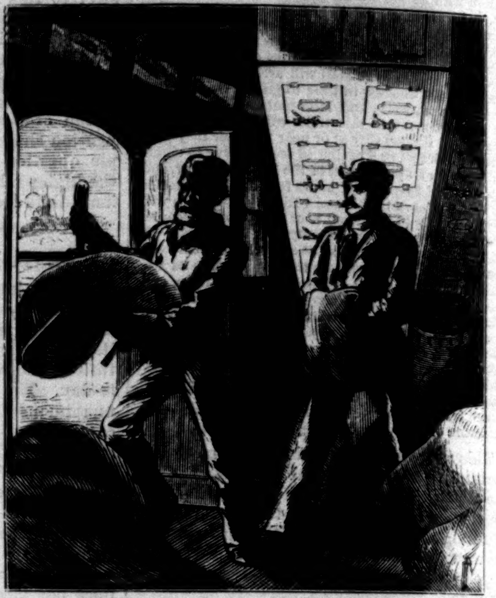
Speaking of the recent Irish clerical Conference, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The pastoral of the bishops assembled at Maynooth recently intimates that it is the intention to establish a Catholic training school for masters, under the care of the Vincentian fathers. They say the primary education system is more than ever distrusted by them, and declare that the control of the state over the education of the country has been enlarged to an extent perilous to liberty. They say in a few years the band of professors and masters now being formed by the Catholic University will have the intermediate education of the country in their own hands, and it will become impossible for the state to withhold legal recognition from the educators of the nation."



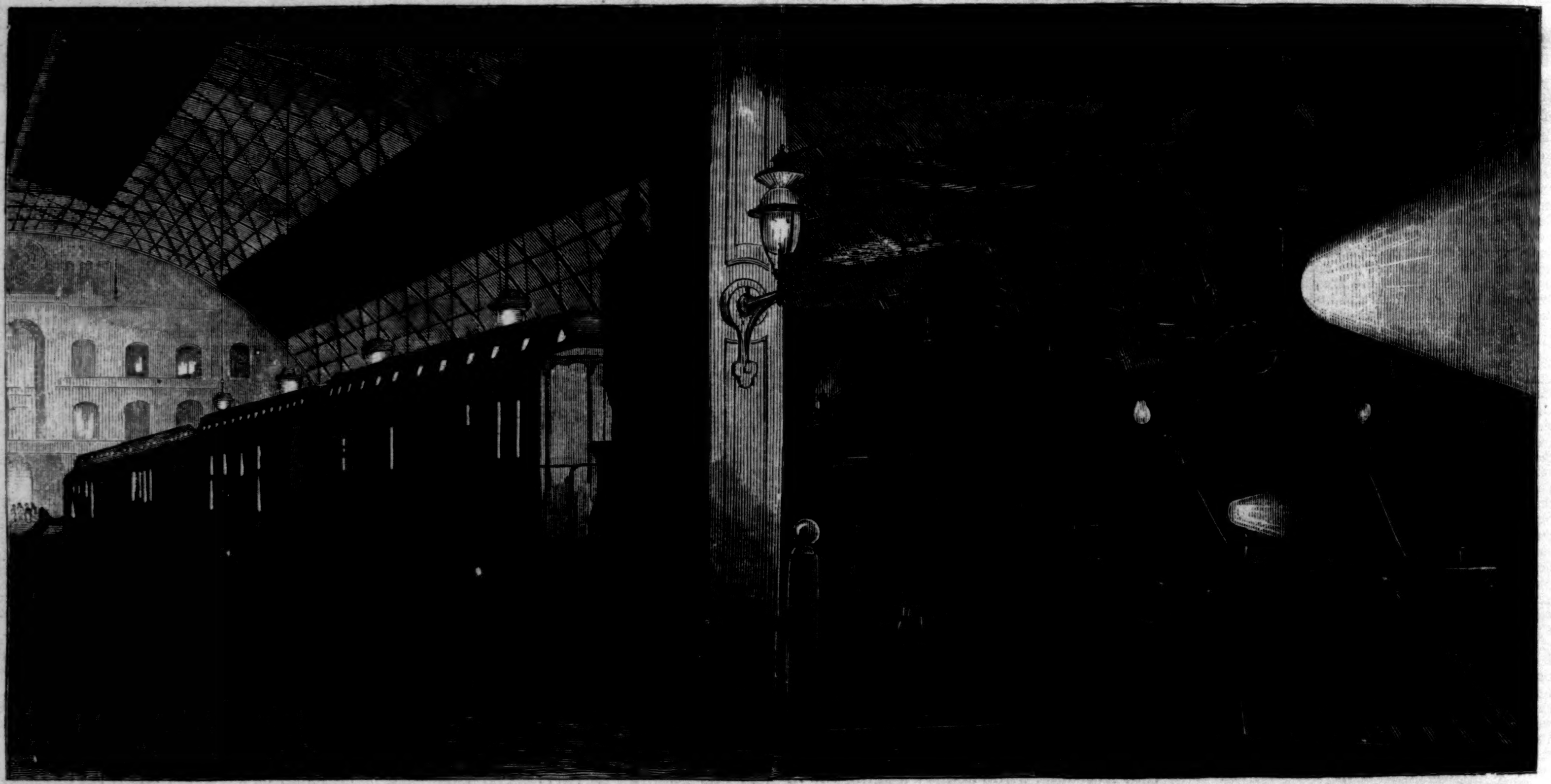
CATCHING POST.



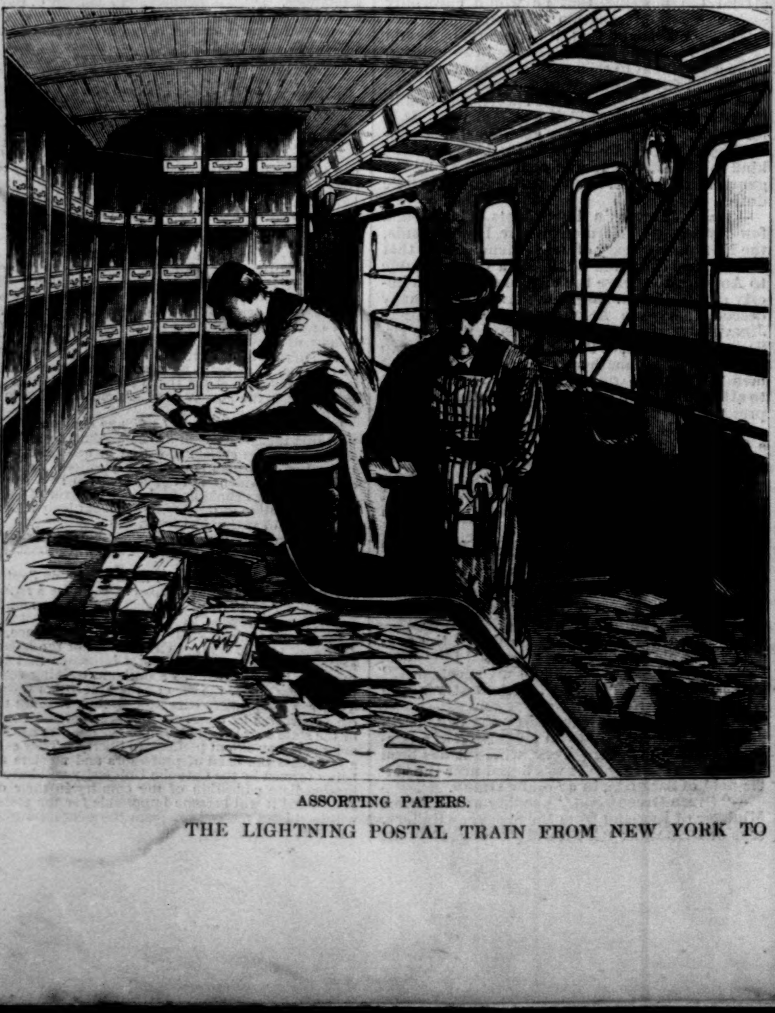
SUPERINTENDENT BANGS.



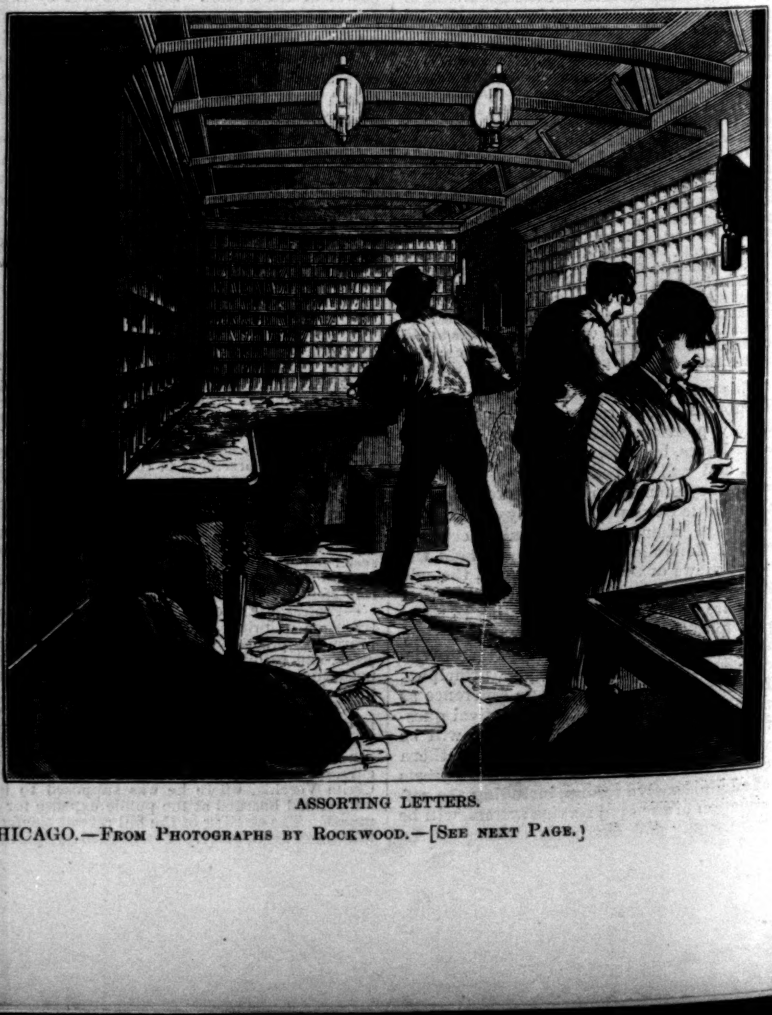
CATCHING MAIL AT WAY-STATIONS.



THE TRAIN LEAVING THE GRAND CENTRAL DÉPÔT, NEW YORK.

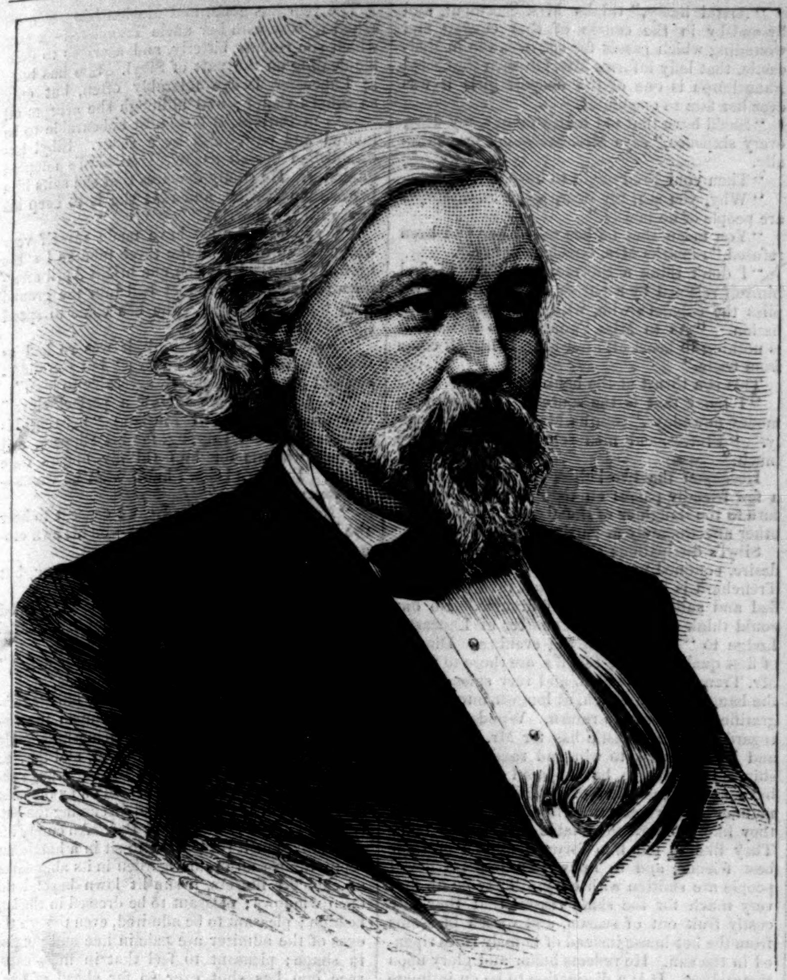


ASSORTING PAPERS.

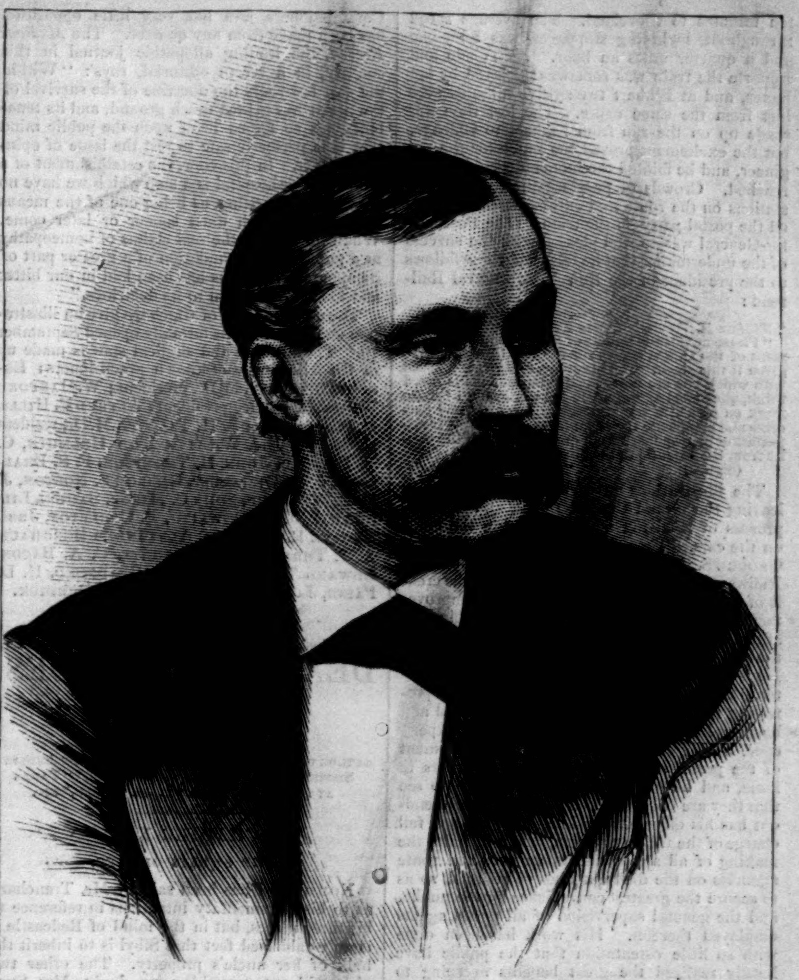


ASSORTING LETTERS.

THE LIGHTNING POSTAL TRAIN FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO.—From Photographs by Rockwood.—[See next Page.]



HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—[From a Photograph by Hoyt, Washington.]



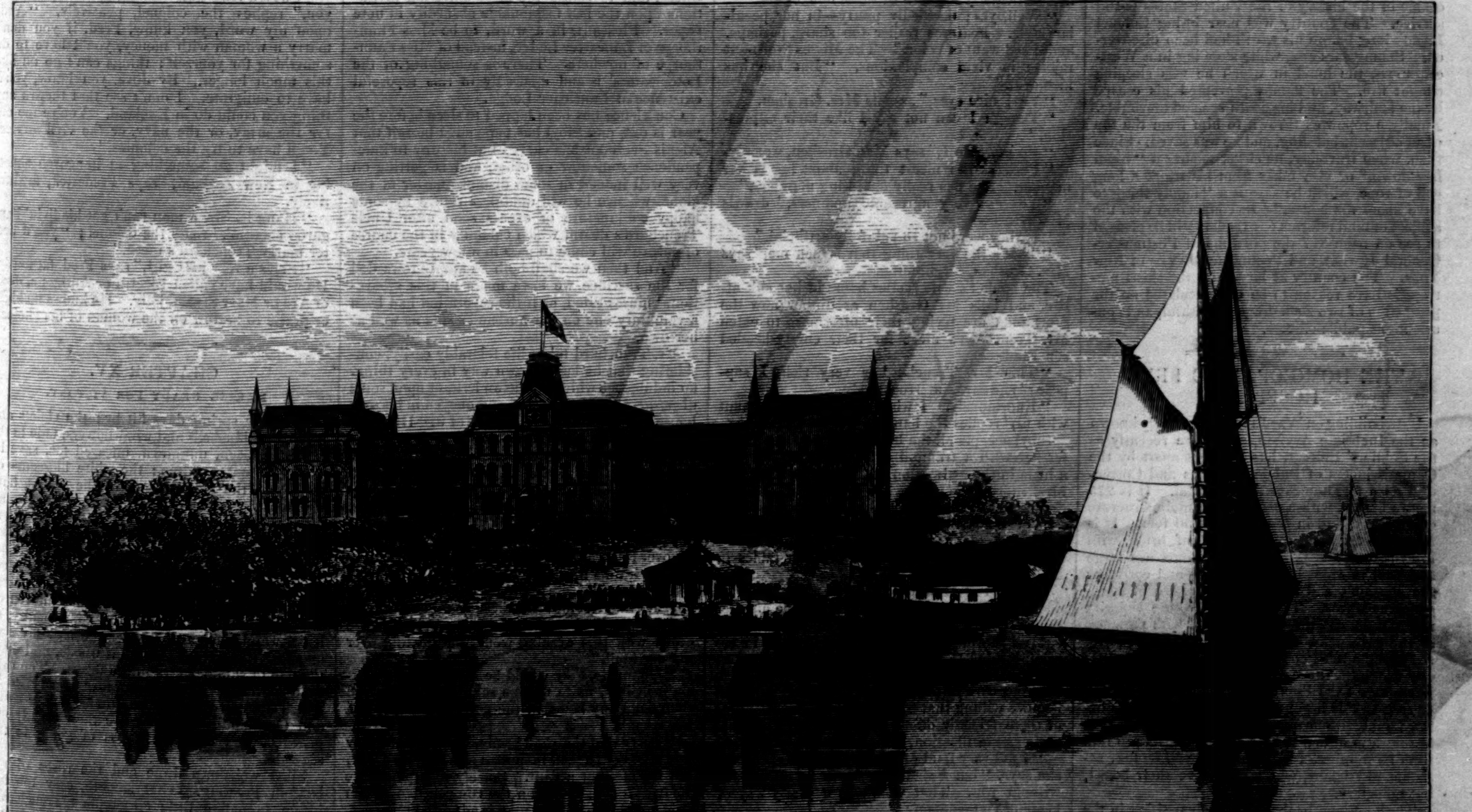
POSTMASTER T. L. JAMES, OF NEW YORK.—[From a Photograph by Mora, New York.]

THE FAST MAIL TO CHICAGO.

Postmaster-General Jewell's latest experiment in the way of postal reform has proved a gratifying success. New York and Chicago are now practically twelve hours nearer to each other than they were a month ago. Beyond the Mississippi and as far as the Missouri from fifteen to twenty hours are gained, and west of the Missouri twenty-four hours are saved in the delivery of mails.

The first fast mail train over the New York Central and Hudson River and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroads left the Grand Central Dépôt in this city at a quarter past four o'clock on the morning of September 16 in charge of Railroad Superintendent J. M. Toucey. There were four mail-coaches and one palace-car, the former being painted white, with the words "The Fast Mail" blazoned on each in gilt letters, and handsomely ornamented with illuminated designs of the national coat of arms. The cars were named after State Governors Tilden, Dix, Tod, and Morgan. Two of the four cars are planned to carry only pouches, and the other two planned and arranged with distributing tables of quarter-circle shape, with compartments into which letters and packages are thrown. Behind are hooks to which the pouches are hung, and into which the mail matter in a compartment is poured by lifting a slide. In the other end of the cars are distributing cases filled with labeled pigeon-holes, arranged precisely as they are in the post-offices. In these the assorted letters are placed. Around the ceilings are many thousands of wooden labels with the names of post-offices painted on them, ready to be tied to mail-bags to indicate their destination. Special attention has been paid to light and ventilation, and to conveniences that promote the comfort of distributing clerks. These cars are not run merely in the interest of the large cities on the line of the two routes, but are designed for the benefit of every postal station on the 965 miles of road between New York and Chicago. As soon as a station is reached, the mail-bag for that place is thrown off, and a movable iron crane, acutely angular in shape, is projected from the side of the car to catch the mail-bag that hangs on an arm of a post at the side of the track. On this trip of the fast train the mails of over one hundred postal stations were safely caught in this manner, and only two were missed. The train left New York loaded with thirty-three tons of mail matter, consisting of 633 canvas bags containing papers, and forty-seven lock-bags containing letters, besides over 50,000 newspapers to be distributed outside of the mails. At Albany they took on the Boston and New England mail, consisting of seventeen bags of letters and 150 bags of papers. At this point Vice-President Wilson joined the party, and a stop of fifteen minutes was made for breakfast.

The cars reached Chicago at 6.27 on the morning of the 17th, eight minutes ahead of time, having made the entire run in less than twenty-six hours. It took just ten hours and forty-five minutes to run to Buffalo, and fifteen hours and



THE HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL ON WARD'S ISLAND.—From a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 818.]

ten minutes to Cleveland. The average speed throughout, including stoppages, was forty-one and a quarter miles an hour. At Toledo and Laporte the train was somewhat delayed by hot boxes, and at Elkhart twenty-five minutes were lost from the same cause. The lost time was made up on the run from Elkhart to Chicago, but the excitement proved too much for the engineer, and he fainted the moment the dépôt was reached. Crowds of people gathered at all the stations on the route and enthusiastically cheered the postal party on the train. The Postmaster-General was so well pleased with the success of the undertaking that he telegraphed as follows to the president of the New York Central Railroad:

> "WASHINGTON, *September* 18, 1875.
>
> "*William H. Vanderbilt, New York:*
>
> "Please accept the thanks of the Post-office Department of the United States for the facilities you have given it this week. The accuracy, system, and speed with which you are now transferring our mails are, I think, unequaled any where in the world, and I believe mark an epoch in our progress. I can already perceive and appreciate the advantages of this rapid transportation by responses from our officials and the public from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.
>
> (Signed) "MARSHALL JEWELL."

The illustrations on page 816 show the train leaving the Grand Central Dépôt, and also the process of receiving and distributing the mails on the cars. There is also a portrait of Colonel GEORGE S. BANGS, General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, to whom much of the credit of originating and carrying out this improvement is due. Mr. BANGS was born in Ohio, and after learning the trade of printing, was for some time an editor of a leading Western newspaper. He is a man of quick apprehension and great determination, disliking circumlocution, and preferring to reach results in a straightforward and business-like manner. A man of large experience, having served in almost every department of the postal service, he knows what orders to issue, and he has determination enough to see that they are obeyed. The General Superintendent has his office at Washington. He has full charge of the railway service, which includes the making of all arrangements for cars and route agencies on the different lines of railroad, so as to secure the greatest convenience for the public, and the general supervision of all postal agents employed thereon. His work has been done with so little ostentation that the public have hardly realized the great benefits accruing to them through his untiring exertions. When, some fifty years ago, the colonel's granduncle drove stage-coach in the then far West, he little dreamed of the future postal service to be developed by one of his own kin. In those days all the work of sorting was done by the village postmaster, who trusted the "pouch" to the stage-driver, to be by him safely delivered at its destination. The coming of the stage-coach, whose approach was heralded by the loud tooting of a bright tin horn, was a grand event, and all the people turned out to witness it. With what graceful ease the driver reined in his four-in-hand, and with what hearty disdain he threw down the one small bag containing "all the news of the world!" Things are somewhat changed since then, and though change is not always progress, none can deny that in this case the change is a progress of vast proportions. The ancient stage-coach driver is no more, but the name will ever be memorable in the history of the United States postal service. The country was near losing Colonel BANGS long before his worth had been discovered. Some years ago, while stopping in a Western town, the hotel in which he was sleeping caught fire. The flames prevented his escape by the stairway, and his death seemed inevitable. Finally a rope was thrown to him from the top of an adjacent building, and he was saved. Since then, when traveling, he either secures a "room low down," or else takes from his trunk a long coil of rope, which he says is a "handy thing to have about the house." In connection with the subject of mail reforms our readers will be pleased to see on page 817 the portraits of Postmaster-General JEWELL and Postmaster JAMES of New York. The country at large and the great metropolis have reason to be congratulated on the possession of two such diligent, faithful, and conscientious public officers.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC FREE HOSPITAL.

THE building on Ward's Island formerly known as the Inebriate Asylum, and more recently as the Soldiers' Retreat, has been set apart by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction as a free homœopathic hospital. It is 275 feet in length, with a depth in the main structure of 100 feet, and in the wings of 50 feet. It is three stories high, and is built of brick, with brown-stone trimmings. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and the halls and corridors are spacious, and can be used in case of emergency as wards. The building, whose capacity is 800 beds, will gradually be filled with patients, as the exigencies of public charity may require. All permits must come, the same as to the other city hospitals, through Mr. KELLOCK, the Superintendent of the Poor. All those who wish will be sent to this hospital. If the number falls below its due proportion, they will be allotted to it in the ratio of one to four, that being its pro rata from its number of beds. There will be four assistant physicians, who will receive their board, but no salary.

The homœopaths thus take their position in the great public charities of New York on the same footing and will enjoy the same privileges as the allopaths. The Board of Charities and Correction has taken this step in obedience to the expressed wish of citizens paying nearly half the taxes of the city. It may be said to the credit of the allopathic school that thus far some of its leading men have cordially indorsed the action of the Commissioners, and but very little opposition has been made from any quarter. The *Medical Record*, the leading allopathic journal in this country, in a recent editorial, says: "Within the past few years the doctrine of the survival of the fittest has gained much ground, and its tenability has so forced itself upon the public mind that it is perfectly safe to rest the issue of opinion upon it. In this view, the establishment of a homœopathic hospital is a step which we have no reason for regretting, as being one of the means to the end which must sooner or later come. Whatever may be the real claims of homeopathy as a practice, the foundation of a greater part of its apparent triumphs has been laid in our bitter and foolish opposition to its doctrines."

The new hospital, of which we give an illustration on page 817, was formally opened September 10. The medical and surgical staff is made up of the following well-known practitioners: EGBERT GUERNSEY, M.D., president; W. HANFORD WHITE, M.D., vice-president; ALFRED E. HILLS, M.D., secretary; S. H. TALCOTT, M.D., resident physician; Drs. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH, C. T. LIEBOLD, JOHN H. THOMPSON, F. S. BRADFORD, J. H. DEMAREST, GEORGE S. NORTON, J. M'E. WETMORE, JOHN C. MINOR, SAMUEL LILIENTHAL, J. W. DOWLING, F. CARLETON, Jun., GEORGE E. BELCHER, ALEXANDER BERGHAUS, A. T. THROOP, F. E. DOUGHTY, C. A. BACON, EDWARD T. FOWLER, T. D. BRADFORD, H. D. PAINE, JAMES ROBIE WOOD, S. P. BURDICK.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

NOT a word has been said by Mr. Trenchard as to his testamentary intentions in reference to his three nieces, but in the mind of Redcastle it is an established fact that Sibyl is to inherit the bulk of her uncle's property. The other two girls will get something, no doubt, Mrs. Stormont remarks obligingly to Mrs. Groshen, the banker's wife, as those two ladies take their afternoon tea together, ceremoniously, in the Stormont drawing-room, a spacious apartment with a good deal of white paneling, gold moulding, and looking-glass, and not much besides in the way of furniture, a barren tract of Brussels carpet, with an islet here and there in the shape of sofa, ottoman, or coffee table.

"The other two girls will get something, of course—two hundred a year each, perhaps: and a very nice income too for young women not likely to marry. But mark my words, Mrs. Groshen, Sibyl is the heiress. Mr. Trenchard positively dotes upon her."

"Do you think her pretty?" asks the banker's wife, languidly. She has been esteemed a beauty in her time, on the strength of an aquiline nose and a large pale blue eye, and she does not particularly approve of these new lights.

"Well, yes; decidedly pretty—in her peculiar style. Features rather too sharp, perhaps, and a sad want of color." The Misses Stormont rejoice in vivid complexions. "But she has nice eyes."

"Yes; nice eyes," assents Mrs. Groshen.

"Though I can not say I like their expression."

"No more do I," says Mrs. Groshen, warmly.

"Perhaps the nicest thing about her is her manner. She has really charming manners."

"Ye—es; very agreeable manners," drawls Mrs. Groshen.

"If they were not so painfully artificial."

"That's the very thing that struck me," says Mrs. Groshen, brightening.

The banker's wife rustles home in her silk attire, and tells Mr. Groshen at dinner how the Stormonts are trying their uttermost to catch Mr. Trenchard's niece for their empty-headed son Frederick.

"This Mr. Trenchard is very rich, I suppose?" she says, interrogatively.

"Enormously. I wish he'd keep an account with us," replies the banker.

Sibyl accepts all the homage Redcastle can offer her with a tranquillity which raises her not a little in the estimation of the *élite*. She takes Mrs. Stormont's somewhat oppressive kindness as a matter of course, and is unawed by the splendor of the Groshens' dinner table, which for plate, china, glass, floral decoration, and hot-house fruit, takes precedence of other tables in Redcastle.

"I don't pretend to do things as Mrs. Groshen does," the Redcastle matrons inform one another apologetically. "We can't all be bankers."

Mrs. Stormont volunteers her services in escorting Sibyl to concerts and other local entertainments which a man of Mr. Trenchard's age may not care to patronize. Stephen Trenchard is quite willing that Sibyl should take advantage of these friendly offers, but to his surprise, and perhaps gratification, the girl refuses.

"I am very fond of music, Uncle Trenchard," she says, "but I shall not go out of an evening without you. That would be a pretty way of keeping you company!"

"But, my dear, there is some difference between seventy and twenty. Crabbed age and youth can not dwell together; or if they do, youth must have a holiday now and then."

"You are not crabbed, and I am very happy with you," answers Sibyl.

"Flatterer," exclaims Stephen Trenchard, not the less pleased.

"Artful hussy," thinks Mrs. Stormont, and by-and-by in the course of that cutting and wounding which passes for conversation in Redcastle, that lady informs Mrs. Groshen that Sibyl Faunthorpe is one of the deepest girls it was ever her fate to encounter.

"She'll have that old man's money, my dear, every sixpence," says Mrs. Stormont, emphatically.

"Then your Fred ought to have her."

"Why, you see, my dear, these Faunthorpes are people of no family."

"You mean that he has asked her and been refused," remarks Mrs. Groshen, astutely.

"I don't think a Stormont is likely to find himself rejected by a parish doctor's niece," replies the colonel's wife, with suppressed indignation. "As to Miss Faunthorpe's fortune, it is nothing to boast of, after all. It has all come from trade."

This is a thrust at the banking business.

"I fancy that is the source of most people's money nowadays," returns Mrs. Groshen, blandly. "Professional men seldom seem to have much."

Hereupon the two ladies, having indulged in a few friendly passes on their own account, return to the slaughter of the absent, and kiss each other affectionately at parting.

Sibyl's dissipations are therefore, by her own desire, confined to those festivities to which Mr. Trenchard is bidden, and which take the dignified and substantive form of dinners. No one could think of inviting the master of Lancaster Lodge to "come in" in the evening. Dinners of first quality, A1 at Lloyd's, are those to which Mr. Trenchard is bidden, and very splendid are the banquets with which, at longish intervals, he gratifies his friends in return. Wonderful is the regard which Redcastle has for Mr. Trenchard, and its eagerness to win and retain his friendship. It is not to be supposed that the *élite* have any expectation of profiting in a direct manner by his wealth. They have none. But they like to adorn their table with a rich man. They like to put him forward as one of their best friends, and to know that less privileged people are smitten with envy. They invite him very much for the same reason that they buy costly fruit out of season, and waxen blossoms from the hot-house instead of homely roses ripened in the sun. He reflects honor and glory upon themselves. It is a distinction to be on intimate terms with so much money. Mr. Trenchard's Redcastle friends brag about his wealth as if it was their own, smack their lips as they tell each other his income, and that he has never less than seventy thousand at call, in case some sudden opportunity for a stroke of business should crop up in Calcutta. Has Stephen Trenchard told his new friends the amount of his income, or the sum he keeps uninvested? Hardly, for he is the most reticent of men as to his own affairs. But Redcastle has a knack of evolving facts about other people's business out of its inner consciousness.

A year has slipped away, unawares almost it seems to Sibyl, despite lurking pangs of remorse, silent hours given to regret. Life at Lancaster Lodge is such an easy thing. It is so pleasant to have every thing one desires, to be praised and petted, and invited here, there, and every where, and to refuse the most flattering invitations upon the last fashionable absurdity in note paper. Pleasant, in a word, to be Miss Faunthorpe of Lancaster Lodge, instead of Miss Faunthorpe of nowhere. There is something of the Lotos-eaters' island assuredly in this reposeful existence at Lancaster Lodge.

Conscience has been lapped to sleep before the year is out, and Sibyl has persuaded herself that Alexis Secretan has carved out his way to independence somehow or other, and is getting on very well indeed in some distant quarter of the globe, whence he will doubtless return by some happy conjuncture of events soon after Uncle Trenchard's death, which calamity in the course of nature will come to pass in a few years.

"And then we shall both be amply rewarded for the sacrifice we have made in this separation," muses Sibyl, as if the separation had been a voluntary one on her husband's side as well as her own.

Mr. Trenchard takes life tolerably easily, considering that he has his own way in every thing, an indulgence which acts as an irritant upon some dispositions. He is feared and obeyed in his own house, flattered and caressed out of it. His servants work for him as no other man's servants work, and obey and tremble at his footstep. He accepts all that Redcastle can give him, dines out a good deal among the *élite*, tells his prosy old Indian stories again and again to listeners, who always laugh in the right places. He enjoys the homage offered to his wealth, and chuckles over the weakness of his flatterers as he drives home with his niece.

"If my name were in the *Gazette* next Wednesday morning, before Wednesday night I should be friendless," he says, "and the people we have dined with this evening would be gloating over my downfall."

"Oh, uncle, they would be sorry, surely!" exclaims Sibyl, more for the sake of conversation than from any belief in the good-heartedness of her friends.

"Sorry that they had been taken in—that they had mistaken a poor man for a rich one, no doubt, but for me, not a whit. Society in a place like Redcastle is made up on the co-operative system—is a club to which a man is admitted upon certain understood conditions. The first of which is that he should be well off."

"Luckily you are never likely to put our friends to the test," says Sibyl.

"Of course not. And in the mean while there's no harm in calling them friends. One name does as well as another when you are talking of unrealities."

The year has gone, and Marion has not been asked to stay with her uncle Trenchard—a fact which she resents bitterly, and ascribes to double-dealing on the part of Sibyl. She has been at Lancaster Lodge tolerably often, but only as Sibyl's visitor; and although she accepts all Sibyl's invitations, it is almost unbearable to be invited and patronized by a sister. Sibyl has established herself as Mr. Trenchard's adopted daughter. He coolly declares that she suits him better than Marion, and that she is to keep his house till she marries.

"I suppose I must have made myself very disagreeable to him in the three months I spent here?" remarked Marion one bright April afternoon, digging her croquet ball into the ground with misused energy. She has come to spend the afternoon with Sibyl.

"No, dear, I don't think it was so bad as that," replies Sibyl, graciously; "but you didn't succeed in making yourself agreeable to him."

"I know I made myself a perfect slave," complains the injured Marion; "toasting his newspapers, and running for his slippers, and peeling walnuts for him till my fingers were black. I'm sure I don't know what he wants—the nasty old thing!"

"Now really, Marion, I can't consent to hear the best of uncles called names—on his own croquet lawn, too."

"Very much the best of uncles for you, but give me Uncle Robert."

"Well, my dear, you've got him. Haven't I left you in undisturbed possession of our paternal uncle?"

"All I can say is that it is positive injustice," murmurs Marion, as the game proceeds.

Frederick Stormont strolls in five minutes afterward and takes a mallet, whereupon the sisters become all smiles and graciousness. He goes in to afternoon tea with them, and they sit on the crimson brocade sofas sipping orange pekoe out of Indian tea-cups, waited on by the most accomplished of footmen, and discussing the petty gossip of above and below Bar. An empty life assuredly, but it is pleasant to sit in a handsome room, almost an in-door garden in its abundance of choicest flowers, a sun-lit lawn beyond the open windows; pleasant to be dressed in the last fashion; pleasant to be admired, even though the eyes of the admirer are pale in hue and porcine in shape; pleasant to feel that in life's eager race one has shot ever so far ahead of one's younger sister. So, at least, feels Sibyl as she accepts Mr. Stormont's vapid homage, and allows Marion to be useful as her foil.

Mrs. Groshen is strictly incorrect in her conjecture about this young man's wooing. Frederick has not been rejected by Mr. Trenchard's niece. He has not yet ventured to propose to her, and when pushed hard upon the subject by his father he always asks for time.

"I think she likes me," he says, complacently, "but, by Jove, you know, it doesn't do for a man to hurry that kind of thing; you're so impatient, you see, you want a fellow to round the Cape before he's got across the Bay of Biscay. Miss Faunthorpe has a good deal of reserve about her and that kind of thing, and she's just the sort of girl to throw over a fellow who proposed to her before she'd quite made up her mind about liking him."

"She's a long time making up her mind about you," replies the colonel, pensively. "And, upon my word, you know, Fred, if you don't marry a woman with money, you'll have to do something for yourself; things can't go on like this much longer. By Jove, you know, you'll have to emigrate. I don't see that there's any thing you could do in England. You're too old for the army, or the navy, or the civil service. You'll have to try the colonies."

"I might do something at kangaroo shooting in New Zealand," says Frederick, meditatively.

"Hang it, Sir, a man can't get his livin' kangaroo shootin'," roars the colonel; "you'd better marry Trenchard's niece."

"She's a very jolly girl," says Fred, fatuously. He would have called Electra or Antigone, Joan of Arc or Mary Stuart, jolly. He knows no higher praise to bestow on the woman of his choice.

CHAPTER XV.

MAKING READY FOR VICTORY.

THE fair spring days flit by; the violets and primroses, bluebells and wind-flowers, fade in the copses, unseen, unknown, uncared for, save by a few peasant children; the white blossoms of the pears, the pinky bloom of the apples, have drifted away on the light west winds like summer snow; ferns uncurl their tender fronds in thicket and lane, and stand up to hail the summer. The cuckoo's last call dies in the silence of the wood, the sky-lark's clear carol rings out above the tall green corn. Summer has come—summer has come—and the little children of Redcastle, the children of the commonalty, at least, wander far afield under the mid-day sun, and lose themselves in distant woods, and drain the cup of summer joys to the dregs. The children of the *élite* regard summer as a period in which they wear starched frocks, find French and German grammars more than usually oppressive, and entertain hopes of going to the sea-side.

Sibyl welcomes June and the roses with a languid greeting. That smooth, easy life has begun to pall a little on Stephen Trenchard's niece. Despite its pleasantness, it is at best a monotonous existence, and youth's eager spirit revolts against monotony. Not willingly would Sibyl confess even to herself that she is tired of Lancaster Lodge and Redcastle dinner parties, Redcastle compliments, Redcastle life altogether.

She wishes that her uncle would extend the circle of his acquaintance, yet is obliged to admit that it would not be easy for him to do so at Redcastle. The county people have not called upon Mr. Trenchard. Aloof in their fastnesses among the hills and moors, the county people refuse to bow to the golden calf, hug themselves in their social privileges, and do not recognize the fact of an old gentleman having made money in India as a reason why they should go out of the beaten track to take notice of him. From their lofty region of territorial estate they look down with an equal disdain upon professional and commercial people who live in a town and call five acres of garden and paddock *land*. Stephen Trenchard's million is nothing to them, or if they think of his wealth at all, it is with resentment, as a sign of the times and an irrefutable proof that England is going to the dogs.

Perhaps it is the very fact of the county people's exclusiveness which makes Sibyl regard them with a certain amount of interest. Those big, broad-shouldered young men she has seen ride past her window in the hunting season, sitting their horses much more easily than Frederick Stormont sits his chair, glorious in "pink" and buckskins, loud-voiced, large-whiskered, seem to her of a different race from young Groshen, or young Stormont, or Dr. Mitsand's pale-faced spectacled son, whose manly vigor has degenerated into brains, Mr. Twells, the curate, or Mr. Jewson, the lawyer. To her fancy there is something grand about these sons of the soil, a rough nobility, an outspoken contempt for the petty conventionalities which constitute the small despotism of Redcastle society. *Cæsar est supra grammaticam.* The county people are above good manners—that is to say, good manners as understood in Redcastle.

The town and the county meet occasionally in the hunting field, where the county looks on with a smile at some of the town's feats in horsemanship, leaves the town three fields behind for the most part, and now and then deposits the town in ditches, or hangs it out to dry on a stiff bullfinch.

Twice in every year town and county meet on equal ground. Redcastle, small and obscure as it is in the eyes of the outer world, boasts a race-course, and as pretty a course in a small way as any in England. Less than a mile out of the town, on that broad open common known as Redcastle Woods, gleam the white posts of the course and the white walls of the stand, a permanent and substantial building. Redcastle has its spring and summer meeting, two days on each occasion—and just the merriest two days in that part of the world. Granted that horses of much weight or prestige rarely appear at Redcastle. The fact only leaves the ground open to the horses of the local aristocracy, and makes the races so much the more interesting to Redcastle itself.

Sibyl has never seen a race in her life, and it was not without a struggle that she declined Mrs. Stormont's invitation to join her party at the spring meeting. Now comes the summer meeting, and another invitation from the leader of Redcastle society.

"Rose and Violet," the dear girls are called after those favorite flowers, five feet ten each of them, and with the complexions of cook-maids—"Rose and Violet will be so disappointed if you refuse to join our party, my dear Sibyl. Of course I say nothing of Fred's feelings."

"Why don't you go with them, child?" says Mr. Trenchard, when Sibyl reads him the letter, laughing as she reads.

"I don't care for pleasures that you can not share, uncle."

"Nonsense, my dear. I could share this if I liked. For my part I could never understand what people could see in a race, unless as a hazardous investment with the possibility of enormous returns. I can fancy a book-man enjoying the races in a business-like way; but for people to sit in their carriages to look on at other people winning or losing and call it pleasure, that passes my comprehension."

"I should like to see a race for once in my life," says Sibyl, languishing for any novel sensation that may ruffle the placid mill-pond of her existence.

"Then write and accept Mrs. Stormont's invitation, my dear."

"You won't think me unkind for going without you?"

"I should think you much more unkind if you wanted me to go with you."

So it is settled. Sibyl tells her dear Mrs. Stormont that she is charmed to accept her kind invitation, and summons Miss Eylett to immediate council. She has ever so many pretty dresses in her wardrobe, but she must have something new for this occasion, with a view to crushing dear Violet and Rose by the exhibition of a dress they have never seen before. The invitation has been given a week before the races, so there is time for preparation. The council is a solemn one, and by the intensity of Sibyl's desire to look her best may be measured her hatred of dear Rose and Violet.

"Now mind, Miss Eylett," she begins, after she has looked through *Le Follet*, and pronounced all the illustrations "hideous," "I must have nothing that can possibly look like a shop-keeper's wife's Sunday gown—no flaming pink or blue that people can see a mile off."

"Mauve or a rich violet, now," suggests Miss Eylett, in her persuasive voice.

"My dear Eylett, mauve and violet are the colors vulgar people choose when they want to be genteel."

"A sweet French gray."

"Give me a house-maid's afternoon gown at once."

"A cinnamon brown."

"A doctor's wife's dinner dress. No, I must have some pale, indistinct color, softened with a cloud of Indian muslin. A dress which looks nothing particular at a distance, but which is fit for a princess when you come to look into it. Mr. Trenchard gave me an embroidered Indian muslin, which will be just the thing over a pale maize corded silk, straw-color shot with apricot."

Sibyl opens a huge camphor chest, in which she keeps her treasures, and displays a muslin dress fine as a cobweb, and covered with embroidery.

"Exquisite!" exclaims Miss Eylett. "What taste you have, Miss Faunthorpe!"

She would have been just as enthusiastic had Sibyl suggested pickled-cabbage-color, picked out with pea-green.

"And you must make me a bonnet exactly to match the dress."

"Of course, Miss Faunthorpe. I'll go round to Carmichael's at once and see if they've got the color, and if they haven't, I'll take the three-o'clock train to Krampston."

"Let me see a pattern before you choose the color. It must be the exact shade I mean. No hideous yellow."

This question settled, Sibyl feels easy in her mind, and looks forward to next week with pleasure. The summer is at its height—mid July—and a delicious July, warm, dry, ripening roses and ripening corn, swelling the peaches on the wall and reddening the apples in the orchard, all the land basking in the sun, and Redcastle High Street a place to look at blinkingly between two and five in the afternoon, and a burning plowshare to walk upon. Marion and Jenny come toiling along the sun-baked pavement in the very hottest hour of the afternoon to visit their prosperous sister, Jane splendid in the peach-colored silk and new boots and a hat that is too small for her large round head, with its thick brown hair in curls that no application of the hair-brush will reduce from their natural disorder to the smoothness of civilization.

Sibyl receives her sisters languidly under the plane-trees, exhausted by her interview with Miss Eylett. Marion's temper is not improved by the warm walk, or by the labor of getting Jenny up in a style befitting Lancaster Lodge.

"There never was such a troublesome child," she complains, as she sinks into a rustic arm-chair, conscious that her face is the color of a boiled lobster, while Sibyl, in straw-colored Indian silk and a turquois-blue sash, is looking divinely pale. "Look at her legs. She has grown out of that frock already; and as for ever keeping her decently dressed, I defy you. There's the print of a slice of bread-and-butter on the front breadth, and smears of marmalade all over the sleeves, though she's only worn the frock on Sundays."

"Let her wear it every day and wear it out," says Sibyl, generously; "she shall have another for best."

"Oh, you dear!" cries Jenny. "But if you knew what a life Marion leads me when I've a good frock on, you might think it a greater charity never to give me one."

"You ungrateful minx!" exclaims Marion; "didn't I stand half an hour this broiling afternoon doing your hair?"

"Pulling it, you mean," responds Jenny. "If you'd combed it with a hay fork and brushed it with a bush harrow, you couldn't have hurt me more."

"There's gratitude!" ejaculates Marion, pointing to the offender.

"*My* idea of gratitude is thankfulness for things we want," reasons Jenny, who is good at argument. "I didn't want my hair pulled."

"Well, Sibyl," says Marion, "is Uncle Trenchard going to the races?"

Every body thinks and talks of the races at this time. It is the one subject of conversation in Redcastle. A rare thing for Redcastle to have so much as one subject of conversation; as a rule, the town contrives to be conversational about nothing.

"No; Uncle Trenchard hates races. I am going with the Stormonts."

"Indeed! I thought you wouldn't go any where without your uncle?"

"No more I would in an ordinary way, but I felt a kind of interest in the races. One hears so much of them."

"I feel a kind of interest in them too," says Marion, with an injured air. "I've been hearing about Redcastle races ever since I left school, and yet, living so near, I've never seen them. Uncle Robert has got a pony that would take us, but he has not got the spirit. You might have asked Uncle Trenchard to let you take us all in his barouche. I dare say Uncle Robert would have gone if you'd taken him."

Sibyl looks doubtful as to the delight of such a family party.

"I've accepted Mrs. Stormont's invitation, you see," she replies, apologetically.

"Oh yes, of course; catch you putting yourself out of the way for any body. Another girl in your position might have thought of her poor relations. What are you going to wear?"

Sibyl describes the costume which she and Miss Eylett have arranged that morning. Poor Marion listens in an agony of envy.

"What a lot of money Uncle Trenchard must give you!" she exclaims.

"No; he doesn't give me much, but he allows me to keep an account at Carmichael's."

"Well," sighs Marion, "I would give a year of my life to go to the races this day week."

"What a pity our lives are not transferable like railway stock!" says Sibyl, airily. She is not deeply moved by Marion's piteous condition. Her mind is occupied with a prophetic vision of her triumphs next Wednesday. She will see and be seen by the county. That idea is more inspiring than the prospect of a day spent with the Stormonts, whom she knows by heart, or even the privilege of beholding Mrs. Groshen's raiment, which is sure to be resplendent and of the very latest fashion, however hideous in the abstract and individually unbecoming that fashion may be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Monday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 7.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 14.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday, 30.—St. Andrew.

THE excitement which now pervades New England upon the question of Sabbath observance is by no means diminishing. The papers, religious and secular, alike participate in the discussion. The Boston *Journal* says: "On the whole, we are not sure that it would not be as well for us to spend our Sabbaths in drinking beer with the Germans, or attending theatres with the French, or sitting out a bull-fight with the Spanish, as to make a flimsy cloak of our religion, and give our merry-making a sanctimonious disguise in these Sabbath-day camp-meetings." The *Universalist* is of opinion that the New England Sabbath "is gone—whether to return is the serious question. It has," it says, "become a holiday in all things save the name." The *Morning-Star*, the organ of the Free-will Baptists, declares that there is virtually no Sabbath at Old Orchard or Mount Washington." The unanimity of the press of New England in their declarations upon this subject is very remarkable.

The death is announced of the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, long one of the ministerial leaders of Philadelphia. Though a Presbyterian, he maintained for many years an independent position, after the example of the late Rev. Dr. DUNCAN, of Baltimore. He had spent a half century in the ministry, and was widely known through the country as an uncompromising advocate of temperance.

Some one has found in the diocese of Lincoln an inscription on a tombstone which describes a Wesleyan minister by the title of Rev. It is in the Great Grimsby Church-yard, and is in these words: "Sacred to the memory of the deeply pious and amiable Mrs. MARY ANN JEPPINGTON, wife of the Rev. J. C. JEPPINGTON, Methodist minister of Market Raven, in this county," etc. As the contest with Mr. KEET has occurred in the same diocese, the comments of the papers are severe upon Bishop WORDSWORTH.

A letter from Bishop M'QUAID, of the diocese of Rochester, to the Boston *Pilot* proves beyond doubt that, however disguised the modification of our school system which he and his associates are trying to secure may be, the end sought is the establishment of Catholic schools to be supported by the public funds. Not to do the bishop injustice, we here quote his words: "I do not quite clearly understand what are your propositions with respect to *schools for Catholic children under State supervision*. [We ask attention to the clause italicized.] If you mean schools with a little less Protestantism in them than the public schools now have, you and I are not of one mind. The schools that I am contending for are schools in which the tone, the influence, and the incidental teaching, under Catholic teachers, are as pervading and as effective as the non-Catholic tone and influence are felt in the common schools. It does not follow that the recitation of catechism lessons should take place during school hours. It does not follow that teachers in Catholic schools, even if religious, should be exempt from examination, nor that the progress of the scholars in secular learning should not be matter of frequent inspection on the part of the State authorities. But to sacrifice the Catholic tone and influence in the schools, you might as well ask the children to live without air, for Catholic education comes from the daily atmosphere in which they grow up, and is more essential to the soul's welfare than the oxygen of the air is to the body's life."

After this plain statement, we do not see how the voters of New York can make any concession whatever to the Catholic claims. Bishop M'QUAID means that the State shall pay for teaching the Roman Catholic faith. We may try to imagine this great Empire commonwealth maintaining "a Catholic tone and atmosphere" in the school-room! The bishop may dream such a dream, but he will never see it become a reality.

The commissioners appointed by the Methodist Protestant and the "Methodist" Churches to confer on the subject of organic union will hold a meeting in Pittsburg this month. These negotiations are likely to lead to an immediate and successful issue, the Churches interested having only recently separated, and there being but little to keep them divided from each other. Originally both constituted the Methodist Protestant Church, which became two by the operation of our civil war. The Northern body subsequently to 1861 sought to effect a combination of the non-episcopal Methodists of the United States under the name of the "Methodist" Church. This union was only partially successful. The reconstituted Church will have over 100,000 members.

The arrival home from China of Dr. S. WELLS WILLIAMS, the author of the *Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language*, has already been announced. This great work, upon which he has been engaged forty years, contains 53,000 examples and phrases, comprised under 10,094 articles. With the Peking pronunciation of many characters, those of Shanghai, Amoy, and Canton are given also.

A correspondent of the *English Independent* gives to that paper a discouraging account of the pecuniary condition of the Congregational ministers of England. There are in England and Wales 3124 Congregational churches and 2306 pastors. Over 2000 of the pastors receive less than £200 per annum, "inclusive of an equivalent for rent where parsonages exist." Only a minority of the entire number are supplied with parsonages. They are described by this writer as living "in a state of chronic solicitude and straitness, and socially in a position of humiliation, which dishonors and discredits the ministry." It is to be hoped that this picture is overdrawn.

The criticisms of the German press upon the pilgrims from the father-land to Lourdes are very sarcastic. One paper asks whether the "pious wanderers" will parade the streets of Paris chanting the hymn "Sauvez Rome et la France," as other pilgrims have done. This ill-advised demonstration has greatly damaged the German ultramontanes. M. THIERS's organ, *Bien Public*, tells the pilgrims, "Pray as much as you like, and how you like, but in the name of politics pray elsewhere than here."

A Christian Chinese chapel, under Protestant Episcopal auspices, has been opened in Virginia City, Nevada. The money necessary for its erection was collected by a Chinaman, AH FOR. At the dedication, by Bishop WHITTAKER, 150 of the Chinese population were present. The bishop's address was translated by AH FOR, who also spoke to his countrymen in their own language. AH FOR will be their pastor.

A meeting was held on the 21st September in Pittsburg to make preparations for the coming session of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance in that city. The Hon. FELIX R. BRUNOT presided. The First Presbyterian Church was selected as the place of assembling. A committee was appointed to make provision for the entertainment of the expected guests. The meeting of the Alliance will continue four days, from October 26 to the 30th.

The Hon. JAMES C. MADIGAN having received the Democratic nomination to Congress in the Fourth District of Maine, a Protestant Democrat published a protest against his election. The protest, which was extensively circulated throughout the district, makes the following point: "It is a great gain to the Catholics to get their prominent men in Congress. They have now four members of the United States Senate, one each from the States of New York, Missouri, Virginia, and Florida. The whole energy of the Catholic Church is now exerted to increase its power in the Congress of the United States. The papists are every where watching the result of MADIGAN's campaign in this district; and it will be hailed every where as a great triumph for the Catholic Church if a New England Protestant district sends a Roman Catholic to represent it in Congress."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then came the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat in the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack?" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

A CRYSTAL GHOST—A glass shade.

A clever old lady, just arrived from the country, entered the refreshment-room at a railroad station the other day, and said she had left her parasol on the seat. A general search commenced and lasted for some time. Finally one of the waiters asked the old dame when she left it, to which she answered, on counting upon her fingers, "Well, it was three years ago last 4th of August." There was a general roar, much to the astonishment of the old lady, who went away with a very puzzled look upon her countenance.

Why are children like jellies?—Because as they are moulded, so they will turn out.

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a worm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunder-cloud in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, ground-sluice an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles!"

A boy with a good strong rake in his right hand, and a slice of bread and molasses in his left, is invaluable in cleaning up the garden.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients?—Because, when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to *rap* him up.

No man can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with, "Yer honor, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for ye," replied Pat; "but then yer honor can't tell how lazy I feel."

FACT FOR THE RETIRING.—Cheek wins in this world, especially if the cheek is dimpled and rosy.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER.—In what vehicle did the man ride who was driven frantic? When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him dizzy? If all things are for the best, where do the rations for the second best come from? What is the exact width of a broad grin?

A doctor recently restored the speech of a woman who had been dumb for seven years, and the last seen of him he was sitting on a rail fence picking the buck-shot out of his head, while the infuriated husband was hustling toward home to reload his gun.

A Western politician wrote to another, "We need the means of organizing the Democratic party in this place." The party written to at once responded by telegraph, "Will ship to-day one barrel of whisky and an orator—invoice by mail."

A Highland laddie tried his first pipe the other day. When his father came home to dinner he found him braced against a barrel, with his legs spread apart, his hands and lower jaw drooping listlessly, and a deathly pallor overspreading his face. "What is the matter with you?" inquired the amazed parent. "My—teacher is—sick," gasped the boy. "Well, Mac, my darling little bagpiper, you mustn't feel so intensely about it," said the father, kindly; "she will get well again without a doubt." And then, stepping into the house, he observed to his wife that that was the most sympathetic boy he ever saw.

THE ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—A MUSICAL EVE N THE L

N THE LOWER DECK OF THE "ALERT."—[See Page 825.]

GRANDFATHER.

Grandfather sits by the open door,
And around his feet the sunbeams play,
While his scant gray locks are gently stirred
By the breath of the mild September day.
His gaze is turned toward the distant hills,
Where the trees are yellow and green and gold,
And they seem to say to the old man's heart,
"See! we grow lovely as we grow old!"

Over the landscape far and near
Grandfather looks with tear-dimmed eyes,
For on the meadow, as on the hills,
The shadow of summer's slow death lies.
But over it all, with restful calm,
There lingers a dreamful, tender haze,
And the breeze is fragrant with stolen sweets
In memoriam of the summer days.

Grandfather thinks of the years gone by,
The spring-time first of his merry youth,
And then the summer of manhood's joys,
When his heart grew warm with love and truth.
"Alas!" he murmurs, "that time has passed,
And winter comes for the year and me:
Who knows, as the chill of age creeps on,
How lovely I in my death shall be!"

Grandfather lies on the hill-side brown—
Lies at rest—and the setting sun
Kisses the spot where loving hands
Laid him down when his life was done.
And over the meadow, over the hills,
The breeze goes sobbing the livelong day
For the fair sweet summer whose life went out
With the shadow of winter chill and gray.

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

Author of "Gilbert Rugge," "Argus Fairbairn," "A First Friendship," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

AUNT CRAIK'S TACTICS.

When Aunt Craik heard of the seaman's visit and the scanty tidings he brought, she gravely shook her head, and said:

"Dorothy, I don't like secrets of no sort. If people's got good consciences they needn't be afraid to be open and straightfor'ard. It's a bad sign when thy brother sends thee little shabby bits o' paper by a stranger's hands, who may be a convict 'scaped from Botany Bay, for aught we know."

But the idea of criminal offenses in connection with that pleasant Mr. Fleetwood was ludicrous, and I told Aunt Craik she would have agreed with me had she seen him.

"I never wish to see any body who comes on secret errands from one o' my blood-relations, Dorothy," was the severe reply. "You'd better say no more."

Though Aunt Craik spoke sternly, I could see her thin face twitch and her lip tremble. I had never known until lately how fond she was of her nephew, or guessed the warm affections that were hidden under that hard exterior. But Aunt Craik had other troubles on her mind ere long—troubles of a near and pressing nature. The farm was not prospering. Bad harvests, bad prices, and probably also bad management, had made sad work with our finances. The loss of the hundred and fifty pounds of which my father had been robbed that fatal fair-day was the beginning of our troubles. To people farming on a small scale such a loss was of great importance. Luttrell the shepherd and Aunt Craik grumbled from morning till night, declaring they had never known "such times" in all their lives, and predicting ruin and bankruptcy not only to ourselves, but to the whole agricultural interest and the entire British nation. There were moments when, looking at my father sitting vacantly by the fireside, painful reflections would force themselves upon me. What would become of him, in his helpless dependent state, if poverty fell upon us?

But poor Aunt Craik, to whom this same reflection often occurred, no doubt, had devised a way out of our troubles—a way in which I was so closely interested, and which involved such a serious disturbance of my peace of mind for some months, that it must be recorded here.

I was making up the home accounts one evening, when my aunt, who sat knitting opposite, began:

"Three pound nine, dost 'ee say, for repairin' the wagon and mendin' the horse-rake? Ay, that's how the money goes! I think the men's as bad at breakin' as the lasses every bit, as far as I can see. Tear and smash every thing you've got to pieces, that's all they're fit for, I reckon. Here's three chiney basins and a pudden-dish gone this week; and they've broke the pump in the yard, and got the barn-door nearly off the hinges. They wants a master after 'em, they does. They'll bring us all to rack and ruin yet."

Aunt Craik was silent for about the space of five minutes, during which her knitting-needles clattered away furiously, and then she recommenced:

"Dorothy, why don't you ever wear your silk dress nowadays? Young girls ought to look smart and natty, and not always to be dressed like Quakers. The Miss Dicki'sons had cherry-colored French merinoes on last Sunday, I see; and uncommon well they looked. I wish thou'd give thy mind a little more to thy dress, my dear."

The sentiment was so novel and unlooked for, coming from Aunt Craik, that I lifted up my head from the accounts, and stared at her with unfeigned amazement.

"Why, aunt," I exclaimed, "I am surprised to hear *you* give such advice. I thought the young girls of the present day were too much given to dress and finery?"

"Very likely, Dorothy, you are surprised. There are many surprises for us in this world. I am surprised to think I was at chapel again last Sunday; I am surprised that I've got to speak to Mrs. Dicki'son again. But if I see it my duty so to do, I don't care for surprises."

This was rather an enigmatical way of speaking; but Aunt Craik delighted in dark forms of speech at times. Enlightenment came ere long.

"You know, Dorothy, I am only a broken reed to trust to, after all. I'm willin' enough and managing enough, God knows; but I can't be expected to last forever—'specially workin' as I've done lately. I reckon I'm not long for this world. I may be took, Dorothy, any mornin' before you're up out o' bed, or I may drop down on the laundry floor in the midst o' the wash any Monday as comes. We're all liable to be took; but some's liabler than others, and I'm o' that sort, I'm afraid. So you see, Dorothy, I begin to feel as we oughtn't perhaps to shut ourselves out from the rest o' the world, and humor ourselves to bein' alone; for what would become on you and your dear father if I was took and you was left? That's a question I puts to myself every night as I lays my head on my pillow, and it keeps me awake for hours, I assure you."

"I don't know, aunt, indeed, what we should do without you," I replied, a sudden sense of all we owed to the untiring industry and carefulness of the speaker crossing my mind.

"Well, then, Dorothy, don't you see as I'm right in trying to make myself more sociable wi' my neighbors? How are you ever to get acquainted with a body if we stops at home from one week's end to another, and never stirs out o' the garden? Why, bless thy soul, I was married and settled in my own home afore I was thy age!"

The last words revealed to me the drift of Aunt Craik's speech. I felt the color mount to my face.

"Yes, thou'lt be two-and-twenty next birthday, Dorothy. It's time one looked about for a husband, if ever thou art to have a house o' thy own."

Such was the introduction to Aunt Craik's new tactics. From that day I believe she commenced "looking about" for a husband for me. Ere long the novel apparition of a suitor made its appearance at Sea-Bank Farm.

The first swain Aunt Craik introduced was a Mr. Hollocks, a fair-haired young man of a red-ochre complexion and unwieldy limbs, over which he had not the slightest control. He stood six feet high, and was always in his own or somebody else's way. He was the son of a respectable farmer whose lands adjoined our own, and the facilities this offered for managing the two farms was, I believe, the principal reason for Aunt Craik's favoring his addresses. As, however, this gentleman spent three evenings at our house without opening his lips other than to say, "No sugar, thank'ee," every time I poured out his tea, and as my presence caused him the most obvious embarrassment, no wonder his suit did not prosper. Moreover, as he broke either a saucer or a tea-cup each time he appeared, and on the last occasion launched a plate of muffins into my aunt's lap, thereby ruining a brown silk dress she had put on for the occasion, Aunt Craik took a dislike to him.

The next suitor who appeared at our gates was Mr. Jonas Lumb, a grocer and general dealer from Clambeach. Of this gentleman my aunt had been in the habit of purchasing our tea and sugar for years past. Mr. Lumb was rather deaf, somewhat bald, and very stout, but he was the possessor of a capital retail business, and was reported to have laid by ten thousand pounds. If Mr. Lumb could have spoken through his mouth instead of his nose, if he could have divested himself of an odor of tallow-candles that was always about his person, and if he had been able to apply to human affairs any other measurement or test than the weights and scales of his own shop, perhaps Mr. Lumb's chances of success would not have been so small as they were. But Mr. Lumb was a man not easily rebuffed, and it became much more difficult to get rid of my second suitor than of my first. It was not until I had spoken my mind very plainly, and had risked a quarrel with Aunt Craik, that Number Two was shown to the door.

But it was from Number Three that I was destined to suffer the most serious annoyance. In the two former cases, I confess, I derived some amusement from the queer attentions to which I was subjected, and never did I open Aunt Craik's market basket on her return from Clambeach without a hearty laugh at the droll lover's gifts from Mr. Lumb's shop that it contained. From peppermint drops to Dutch cheeses ranged his love-tokens, and I have even known his devotion take the shape of a pound of mould candles or a dusting brush. But in the case of the third aspirant to my hand there was no longer a comical side to matters.

In furtherance of her matrimonial projects Aunt Craik introduced into our house a person whose virtues I had often heard eulogized at tea-tables and other social meetings. This was no other than Mr. Phineas Stang, the "local" preacher, who frequently officiated at the chapel at the Drove, and in the intervals of his business as a leather-currier in Clambeach carried on a thriving trade in piety and religious profession. Mr. Stang was a theological disputant who could bring you to letter and book on any doctrinal point you liked to name. He could quote Scripture at you (especially denunciatory passages) with a readiness and gusto I have never seen equaled; and he would not have been afraid, as Aunt Craik often adduced to his praise, to tackle the vicar of Clambeach himself in argument. He could preach extemporary sermons that were powerful enough to frighten females into violent hysterics; and in the matter of prayer— But no, I can not write jestingly on that theme. Aunt Craik regarded my rejection of this eminent personage not merely as impolitic from a worldly point of view, but as a wanton disregard of my spiritual welfare, and we had many battles on the subject.

I was becoming worn out with the persecution that arose from Mr. Stang's attentions when an event occurred that changed that gentleman's demeanor toward me, and put an end to his odious addresses. Sometimes I laugh, sometimes I almost cry, when I recall the scene that put a climax to my third love suit.

CHAPTER X.

AN IMPORTUNATE SUITOR.

It came about in this way. I was sitting sewing by the open parlor window one summer's afternoon, listening to the bees humming in the garden and the mower's scythe ringing in the hay field, when to my astonishment the door opened, and Aunt Craik walked in, attired in her Sunday costume.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Dicki'son, and maybe I'll stay tea," said my aunt, briefly, as though nothing was more natural than the visit she proposed. "Mind, Dorothy, your father doesn't stay out too long. He walks round and round the grass-plot yonder till I wonder he isn't fit to drop. It's amazin' how he finds pleasure in doing the same thing over and over again, poor soul!"

My aunt stopped to pin her shawl and shake out her dress before she added:

"Before I go, I've a word to say to you, Dorothy. You know what I mean."

But I really didn't, though my aunt affirmed it so gravely.

"It's about your behavior last time Mr. Stang visited us. I was 'shamed to see thee flaunt out o' the room, afore company too, as soon as he asked to have prayers."

"I left the room, aunt, to go and sit with father."

"Thou'd better ha' staid down stairs to help to pray for his poor soul. Thou sets thyself up too much, Dorothy, and thinks too highly of thy own judgment. If thou'd staid below, thou'dst have heard how that godly man prayed for them who despises their pastors and teachers. I knew who he meant when he cried out so sorely, though he mentioned no names."

"It was very kind of Mr. Stang, I am sure, to make my failings the subject of his prayers," said I, warmly. "I heard enough, aunt, as it was. His loud voice prevented my father getting to sleep, and I was nearly coming down to ask him to pray in a lower key."

"Dorothy, I'm 'mazed to hear you speak so disrespectful," said my aunt, sternly. "You ought to be thankful to have the chance of a Christian husband with a good home when I'm dead and gone. I tell ye plainly that it won't do to make enemies all round us; and if there's any body we owe it to be civil to, it's Mr. Stang."

"I don't see it, aunt."

"But you will one day," said my aunt, mysteriously, "and then perhaps it may be too late;" and Aunt Craik retired, shaking her head, and muttering to herself something I could not catch.

There was a significance in my aunt's manner which made me feel very uneasy. Was Mr. Stang about to try his chance again, and my aunt's absence this afternoon prearranged between them?

My work lay idle for some minutes, and a few tears I could not repress rolled down my cheek. How long was this persecution to last? This man was the bugbear of my life. Oh, that I had some one to turn to for help and advice! My thoughts reverted to Brail, but I sighed as I recalled how indifferent he had become to our troubles. I had never heard from him again since the stranger's visit. It was some comfort at least to think that there was now another person besides myself who was interested in him—some one who thought well and spoke kindly of him. Should I never see that friendly face again? Well, if we never met any more, I should always think gratefully of Mr. Fleetwood's conduct.

I had resumed my sewing, and was listening once more to the bees and the mower's scythe, when a man's voice, harsh and unpleasant, broke the calm of the summer afternoon.

"'Far above rubies is the price of a virtuous woman. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.' How true; how true!"

These words were uttered so close to my ear that I started up in alarm, and beheld Mr. Phineas Stang leaning on the window-sill close by me.

"Sorry to startle you, Miss Gedge; but with your good leave I'll step inside;" and without waiting for my consent, Mr. Stang came round by the front-door.

He was an ungainly, lank-visaged man, but when he wished to be gracious and smiling he was uglier and more ungainly than usual.

"Spindles and distaffs are no longer used, it is true, Miss Gedge; but the words of the wise king apply equally to needles and thimbles, let us hope. A needle is a blessed instrument in a woman's hand."

Mr. Stang positively uttered this platitude as though it had been a gospel text, and he expected me to be touched by it.

"My aunt is not at home," said I, with no show of courtesy. "I won't ask you to sit down, Mr. Stang."

I felt a miserable consciousness that I was blushing before the man's gaze.

"I'm afraid, Miss Dorothy, I must take a seat nevertheless, for I have a few words to say to you. The old subject again; yes, the old subject. Ah, ah!"

This was intended for pleasantry, and was accompanied by a tender smile; but I made answer quickly:

"It's of no use our discussing it again, Mr. Stang; indeed, I think you would show more dignity by not laying yourself open to further refusal."

"Dignity, my dear Miss Dorothy!" ejaculated Mr. Stang, as he seated himself and slowly drew off his gloves, and stroked his lank hair a little further into the corner of his left eye. "Don't name that word; a Christian man disowns it, and loves to trample on it. If it hurts the nateral man to sue for favors, it is good for the spiritual. But let me speak a little further afore you condemn me, my dear young friend."

For some minutes I had to listen to the odious man's addresses in silence. He proceeded to tell me that he was aware he was a sinner like other men, that he felt his weakness and inability "to stand alone in the conflict," and that a wife with my activity and strength of mind would be the very prop he required to "'stablish him in the faith." This was a new mode of attack; for generally it was his own and not my virtues that formed the theme of Mr. Stang's discourse. But I felt more uneasy than ever, for I could see in this persistence a determination to bend my will to his own. So in desperation I made answer:

"Mr. Stang, I distrust every word you say, and the longer I know you the more I dislike you. Is that plain enough?"

Too plain, alas! In a moment the sheep-skin garb was thrown aside, and the wolf stood revealed. With horrible calmness Mr. Stang made answer:

"You're hasty, Miss Dorothy, very hasty. You'll be sorry for them words after, I shouldn't wonder. Yes, you'd better sit down again."

The speaker's sinister air frightened me, and I sat down.

"Appairently you're not in your aunt's confidence, Miss Dorothy. You're not aware that Mrs. Craik has been borrowing money of me to carry on the farm business. No, I thought not. You mayn't be aware either where the money that paid the last half year's rent came from."

"My aunt raised the money at the bank," I exclaimed, a sudden feeling of terror coming over me as I gazed at the cunning eyes watching me.

"No; she *applied* for a loan, but the security wasn't thought good," said Mr. Stang, watching me with a cruel air. "A friend came forward to find the money and prevent an execution being put in—a friend in need, I think we might call him, eh?"

"Is what you are telling me true?" I asked, thunderstruck at this announcement.

"Well, it wouldn't be easy to deny it, seeing I hold receipts here for the amounts—two hundred and forty-nine pounds in all—signed by Sarah Craik herself."

Oh, my poor aunt! Why had she kept all this from me?

I was slowly realizing that we were at the mercy of the man before me.

"You seem taken by surprise, Miss Dorothy. Don't be agitated. You think me unfeelin', don't you? It isn't my nature to be unfeelin'; quite the contrary, indeed. There's a way of settling difficulties even now. You've but to say one little word, and I'll chuck all these receipts into the fire. Come, Dorothy, say you'll have me."

As he approached me with a leer on his face I drew away with a shudder of disgust.

"You had better think twice," said Mr. Stang, angrily. "Remember I've only to put in my claims, and you'll be smashed up in six months. What's to become of *him*, pray, when you're turned out of house and home?"

He pointed to the figure slowly pacing round the garden.

"Come, I bear no malice, Dorothy, though you've spoken such cruel words to me. It ain't so very hard, I hope, to love me."

Mistaking my silence for wavering, Mr. Stang threw himself at my feet, seized my hand, and was covering it with kisses.

"Let me go, Mr. Stang," I cried. "I will use this, unless you instantly release me!" I had snatched up my scissors in my despair.

But there was no need to make the threat. The words had scarcely escaped my lips when there was a noise outside, a figure sprang through the open window, and the next moment Mr. Stang lay sprawling all his length on the floor.

"You've caught a cropper, I think, you villain!" cried a strong voice; and there stood Mr. Fleetwood, looking hearty as ever and remarkably cool, considering he had just knocked a man down.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gedge, but I hadn't time to come round by the door. I think I was only just in time."

"Oh, Mr. Fleetwood, I—I'm so thankful!" and I burst into tears.

"Pray who are you, Sir?" asked Mr. Stang, rising from the floor with an amazed face and a very unsuccessful attempt at dignity.

"First mate of the *Southern Cross*, that's who I am. Who may you be? Not a gentleman, that's clear, or I shouldn't have caught you annoying this young lady."

"Never mind who I am. What's your business here, young man, that you dare to get in at the window while her aunt is out of the way? You was expected, I suppose?"

Mr. Stang looked vindictively at me, but timorously at the mate of the *Southern Cross*.

"My business doesn't concern you," said Mr. Fleetwood, turning his back on his questioner. He added, "You'll be glad to hear, Miss Gedge, that I've brought you news of your brother."

"Oh, oh! so you know where Brail Gedge is hiding, do you?" said Mr. Stang, retreating toward the door, with one hand to his eye, which was already swollen up. "This is news indeed. I dare say the county police would be glad to be informed of his whereabouts."

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Fleetwood, turning quickly upon the speaker.

"I mean that information about a person suspected of highway robbery is generally acceptable to them, especially of a person who half murdered his father into the bargain."

The mate of the *Southern Cross* looked strongly inclined to seize Mr. Stang by the neck and shake him. He turned to me, as though expecting an indignant denial of the statement. My face displayed my agitation. I could not speak.

"No, she can't deny it. It's well known, Sir, throughout the neighborhood. I'm sorry for the family, and particularly sorry for Miss Gedge. I think you'd better all mind what you're about, for it's dangerous playing go-between; and there's such an offense in the statute-book as aiding and abetting crime and keeping back evidence, mind that, young man;" and with a malevolent look at me Mr. Stang slunk out of the room.

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Fleetwood, with an air of utter surprise, as I stood there with burning cheeks.

For some moments I was silent. Then I spoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDIA RUBBER TREE.

The India rubber tree is found in parts of Mexico, Central and South America, and in the East Indies, and is one of the noblest and most picturesque of all the trees of the forest. In Assam, beyond the Ganges, it is found in inexhaustible abundance. It is either solitary, or in two or three fold groups; is large and umbrageous, and may be distinguished from other trees at a distance of several miles by the striking beauty of its dense and lofty crown. The main trunk of one of the Assam trees measured 74 feet in circumference, and the area covered by its expanded branches had a circumference of 610 feet. The height of the central tree was 100 feet. It has been estimated that there are over 43,000 such trees in one district within an area of thirty miles by eight. It grows on the slopes of the mountains from the valleys up to an elevation of 22,000 feet. The raw seeds are poisonous to man and quadrupeds, but macaws eat them, and they are used as bait for fish. Long boiling deprives them of their poison.

A large proportion of the quantity of rubber or caoutchouc furnished to commerce comes from Brazil. The process of gathering the juice is very simple. The tree is tapped in the morning, and during the day a gill of fluid is received in a clay cup placed at each incision in the trunk. This when full is turned into a jar, and is ready at once to be poured over any pattern of clay, the form of which it takes as successive layers are thus applied. It comes from the tree purely colorless, like milk, but when dried by the sun it is white within and a yellowish-brown without. Its drying and hardening are hastened by exposure to the smoke and heat of a fire, and it thus acquires its ordinary black color. Complete drying by the sun requires several days' exposure; during this time the substance is soft enough to receive impressions from a stick, and is thus ornamented with various designs. The natives collect it upon balls of clay in the forms of bottles and various fanciful figures, in which shape it is often exported. The clay mould over which the bottles are formed, being broken up, is extracted through the open neck. Usually it has been brought to this country in flat cakes; but a method has been devised by which the liquid is shipped in air-tight vessels of tin or glass just as it comes from the tree. The reader will be interested in our illustration on page 824.

THE DEMOCRACY AND ITS PAPAL GUIDES.

The Democracy have met at Syracuse, have re-affirmed the principles of their Baltimore Convention, but have carefully avoided all allusion to education and the common schools. Upon the newest and most important question of the time they have been permitted to say nothing. While the editors of the ruling section of the Democratic party are crying out for the destruction of the whole system of public instruction; while from Oregon to Massachusetts every Roman Catholic ultramontane is a Democrat, and the papal priesthood nowhere conceal their design of closing every unsectarian school-house where they have the power, and of forcing the State to maintain schools controlled by priests and nuns; while all Europe is stirred by the school question, and the enemies of knowledge are triumphing in France and Spain, our Democratic leaders have not ventured to rebuke their too candid allies, and must be held to share the opinions of O'Conor and Tammany Hall, the *Catholic Telegraph*, or the *Freeman's Journal*. Governor Tilden and his associates have refused to utter a word in defense of American education, and must be convicted by their silence. They have already shown by their actions their subservience to the priesthood and their fear of knowledge. The history of the Democratic party in the Union since it admitted the control of a foreign Church has been every where marked by a growing enmity to the teacher. In Mississippi, in Oregon, in Arizona, and in New York there has been no doubt as to its tendencies. It is the party of ignorance, the party of the priests. In the happier days of Wright and Marcy, to which Governor Tilden is fond of referring, Democrats were, no doubt, the friends of unsectarian schools, because they had not yet fallen under the papal rule; but in the days of Tweed, Kelly, or Tilden Democracy is a very different thing. When it was last in power, in 1869–71, it attempted to strangle the common schools of New York by a cunning subterfuge, and the silence of the Democratic platform shows that the masters of the party mean to renew their attempt with perhaps a deeper subtlety. The papal priests, cut off by the Republicans from their claims upon the public funds, have offered their parochial schools to the city and State, and, with a Democratic majority in the Legislature, will probably attain their object by an indirect process. Before the Roman Catholic vote no Democratic Legislature can speak of independence, nor utter the honest sentiments of freemen. In the days of Wright and Marcy it was far different; but even Governor Tilden must at last learn that the politics of the world have changed with a generation, and that Marcy and Wright would have turned with disgust from the modern rulers and tactics of the Democratic party.

The attempt of the Democracy in 1869 to destroy the common schools of New York by establishing a rival system shows plainly the real purpose of its leaders, and should never be forgotten by every friend of education. And this scheme was carried out under the eyes of Tilden, Seymour, O'Conor, and Kernan, who now claim to hold in their hands the control of the party, and to govern all its policy. They looked on and consented to an act which satisfied the highest aspirations of the papal priests, and which in every particular fulfilled the injunctions of the Pope and the Curia. In the spring of 1869 Tweed went up to Albany charged with a tax bill for the city which contained a clause granting $300,000 to denominational schools. For twenty years the Roman Catholic hierarchy had been laboring for this object, and at last they had succeeded in establishing a principle that might easily be extended to cover all their demands. If they could not yet share the school fund, they would still be entitled to a support from the public treasury. Tweed, Connolly, Genet, and Fields, who then ruled the Democratic party under the guidance of Tilden, Seymour, and O'Conor, had pledged themselves to destroy the common schools, or were the natural instruments of the papal priests; and no more effective means of doing so could be found than the establishment of a series of parochial schools that would form a firm basis for the rival system. At Albany the Governor was Hoffman, the Legislature nominally Republican. The grant to denominational schools was at once opposed by many Republicans: it was felt to be a gross insult to all the non-sectarian part of the community, and a sacrifice of American principles to the foreign priests. But it was sustained and pressed forward by the whole Democratic faction. The Republican Senate made a brief resistance. Lieutenant-Governor Beach sustained Tweed. Senator Morgan moved to strike out the clause, because it was plainly designed to benefit the Papal Church. But two or three Republican Senators yielded to Tweed's usual arguments; the remainder, led by Morgan and Folger, kept up a resolute but useless opposition, and the Democracy carried its measure by promises and bribes. Hoffman signed the bill without a remonstrance, and its passage was marked chiefly by a vigorous article in the New York *Times* (May 12) against sectarian appropriations, and a cry of shame over the purchased Republicans. Two years later the New York *Times* was to drag into light the crimes of the chief members of this clerical and Democratic alliance.

O'Conor, Tilden, Kernan, and Seymour, who had seen no wrong in the profligacy, gross immorality, and frauds of the Tammany leaders, who had acted resolutely with Tweed and Sweeny in all their political projects, and who never assumed the part of reformers until the *Times* had by its rare courage and industry, by a mental combat unparalleled in the history of the press, so maimed and maltreated the robbers that they were no longer capable of doing injury, had no word of remonstrance for the wrongs done to the public schools. From Mr. O'Conor, who has recently stated that in his opinion there should be no public schools, or from Mr. Kernan, who, the *Freeman's Journal* asserts, is at heart an enemy of unsectarian education, it could hardly be expected that American free schools should have received any aid; but why did not Tilden, Seymour, Lieutenant-Governor Beach, or some active Democrat show some concern for their danger? Except by Republicans not a voice was raised in their defense. A system of parochial schools was at once established in New York, and maintained at the public expense; and had not Tweed fallen in 1871 the papal schools would perhaps already have overshadowed and destroyed the public. Such was the action of the Democratic party four years ago upon the school question. And now, while their papal adherents are demanding more loudly than ever before the destruction of the schools and the division of the funds, the Democratic leaders ask the people of the State to commit to their hands the care of education and the interests of knowledge. But if in 1869–70 Messrs. Kernan, O'Conor, Seymour, and Tilden betrayed schools and teachers to the papal priests, what can prevent them from repeating the offense in 1875? The demand is more pressing, the priests direct the Catholic vote in the pulpit or the press, the Pope commands, and our Democratic leaders dare not disobey. In that fierce struggle which is surely approaching in the New World between the agents of the papacy and freedom, it is not to such men that the care of our educational interests should be committed.

The conflict at the polls this fall will be more than ever before between the Roman Catholic voters, led on by Tilden, O'Conor, Kernan, and their associates, and the people of New York. The Pope and the Curia demand a repeal of the American law of education, and an enormous throng of ignorant and half-savage Irish Catholics and ultramontane Germans will cast their vote without reflection on the side of the Democracy. It is possible that the papal priests may not instruct their people openly, as in Ohio, to vote for Bigelow and Robinson, or use their churches, as in New Jersey, for the distribution of ballots and election circulars. But no one can doubt that the same process will be carried on in secret, and that every cathedral and convent will be a rallying point for "Democratic" clubs. Foolishly blind as we have chosen to remain for so many years to our dangerous condition and the swift spread of a papal party among us, we can continue so no longer. We have suffered the Catholic voters to rob the city, the State, the nation, until recently without a murmur. They have purchased the press, bribed legislators, terrified the timid, and cajoled the weak. But our bleeding and outraged city cries out against our negligence. Once more fallen into the hands of thieves by the connivance of Tilden and O'Conor, what have we before us but ruin if we are silent? If Governor Tilden were a prudent politician, he could never consent to consort with the ruffians of Tammany Hall. If he had any real projects of reform, he would first labor to sweep away the thieves who hang ominously around our city treasury. But here the priests warn him away, and he tardily labors to hide the chains that bind him in a pretense of activity. Had the Republicans remained in power, the canal thieves would have suffered long ago the punishment of their crimes; and only the energy of the last Republican Senate saved the city of New York from an unparalleled robbery. Would it not be madness to trust the schools of the State to the care of the men who sought to destroy them when they were last in power, or to invite the dishonest leaders of Tammany Hall to conduct the management of the city and State treasuries? Yet this is what the Democratic Convention requires us to do. The same odious and ominous names appear every where on the Democratic committees. Behind them stand a thick array of papal priests. They make no secret of their design to fasten their sectarian institutions upon the public treasury, and to propagate their faith at the cost of the State. This they attempted to do in New Jersey, and were defeated. For this they openly clamor in every other State. For this every cathedral and monastery among us will this autumn be converted into a Democratic club-house, and for this the people of New York will administer in the fall election so grave a rebuke to Messrs. Tilden, O'Conor, and Kernan as shall prove the impotence of the foreign priests.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The branch of Professor Hayden's explorations in Colorado under charge of Mr. James T. Gardner has recently met with an encounter which, fortunately, is quite novel in the experiences of such surveys. These are, of course, always liable to disturbance by predatory Indians, especially as the parties engaged in them have valuable animals, stores of provisions, and many other articles likely to excite the cupidity of the savages. Professor Hayden has, for several years past at least, dispensed with the use of an escort of soldiers, feeling quite confident of the ability of his own armed parties to protect themselves. For the last year or two warnings have been sent him; and during the present summer, for their greater security, two of the parties (Mr. Gardner's and Mr. Gannett's) were united into one, under the charge of Mr. Gardner.

On the 15th of August the party, consisting of Mr. James T. Gardner, Mr. Henry Gannett, Dr. A. C. Peale, Messrs. Adams, Atkinson, Mills, Kelsey, with six employés, seven of them armed with rifles and the remainder with revolvers, while proceeding across the desert southward toward Sierra Abajo, were attacked in the rear by a number of Indians whom they had previously met, and who had professed to be entirely friendly.

The object of the attack was to prevent this party of thirteen, with eighteen pack-mules, from reaching a spring, which was the only chance for a supply of water for many miles, access to which was absolutely necessary to preserve their lives. No injury was done at the first attack, and driving the Indians from a hill commanding the ravine in which they were at the time, the party went into camp on open ground, where a barricade was built for their better protection.

The next morning the party entered the narrow cañon toward the spring, the Indians still watching and firing upon them, and occupying every eminence near. The surveyors made a desperate effort to reach the top of the cañon, which was finally accomplished by two of the party, when they succeeded in driving off their assailants for the moment, one of whom was killed. Finding a deer trail leading to the summit, Mr. Gardner had the packs removed from the mules, and taking four days' provisions, he led the party from under the fire of the Indians into the plateau, leaving behind the baggage and instruments, together with four mules which had been killed, but saving all the notes of the survey.

The party then proceeded as fast as the strength of the wearied animals would permit, and although immediately pursued by the Indians, were able to keep ahead of them. A small spring was found that relieved the sufferings of the men and animals, and the march was continued until they reached the mining settlements on the Platte River, having traveled 200 miles in four days, across a perfect labyrinth of cañons and ridges. They had been in the saddle forty-eight hours out of sixty, and after the morning of the 15th were without water, and almost without food, for thirty-six hours.

The attacking party is supposed to have been Utes from the reservation near Dolores River, and can probably be identified; and it is to be hoped they may be severely punished for their treachery.

In the astronomical monthly notices for January, Airy explains the form which he proposed to give to a new method of treating the lunar theory. The work since then has been undertaken and carried forward with the assistance of two computers, and in a recent communication to the Royal Astronomical Society he gives a complete account of such points of detail in the prosecution of this labor as will be of value to whoever shall in the future carry on and complete it. It is to be hoped that this will eventually be brought to completion without having to suffer the fate that is believed to have befallen a portion of Delauney's work, in whose sudden death the possibility of the completion of his lunar theory abruptly terminated, since scarcely sufficient explanation has been left to enable his successors to enter into the remaining steps in the same spirit as that which guided the primary operations.

A company, under the name of "The German Abyssinian Company," has been incorporated in Berlin, which proposes to found at Choa, the most northern province of Abyssinia, a permanent settlement, to send thence scientific expeditions into the unexplored portion of Africa, and to develop the commerce of the country. The objects of the company are, however, supposed to be more commercial than scientific.

The *Shearwater*, a British vessel, has just completed a four years' course of surveying service, having been put in commission on the 20th of July, 1871, and returned to Sheerness on the 23d of July, 1875. She was originally commanded by Captain Nares, who, when transferred to the *Challenger*, was succeeded by Captain W. J. L. Wharton. While on her original duty in the Mediterranean she was employed for a time in prosecuting certain important physical investigations, under Dr. Carpenter, and after two years' service there she was sent to Zanzibar to survey that island and the opposite coast. In February, 1874, the vessel proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and left Cape Town July 14, with the Rodriguez transit party, remaining for some time at Rodriguez on specific service. She then transported the transit party to the Mauritius, and again proceeded to Zanzibar to continue her work there.

According to *Nature*, during the four years she has been in commission the vessel has surveyed in detail 790 miles of coast-line, and made many soundings over an area of 5900 square miles.

The death of Captain Thomas Long is announced as having taken place near Honolulu on the 8th of August. Captain Long is best known as the discoverer of extended bodies of land in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Behring Strait, opposite Cape Yakan, on the Siberian coast, which he ironically called Wrangell's Land, on account of the fact that Admiral Wrangell, who many years ago made an exploration of Northeastern Siberia, steadily refused credence to the assertion of the natives that land existed off Cape Yakan, which could be seen on extremely favorable days.

It was in 1867 that the announcement was made, and since then several accounts have come to us from sailors who have seen the same land at a greater or less distance.

The United States steamer *Saranac*, which was wrecked a few months ago off Vancouver Island, having on board Dr. Bessels and Lieutenant Maynard, commissioners to collect information and material relating to the natives of the North Pacific for the Centennial, had, as a part of her programme, to attempt to reach this land, and determine something of the character of its occupants.

The Khedive of Egypt has issued a decree ordering the enforcement of the use of the metrical system in his country from the 1st of January, 1876.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association was held in New York on the 9th and 10th of February, 1875, and the proceedings have just been published, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Collins, of Caledonia, New York, the secretary of the association. There was a large attendance present, and many interesting papers were presented.

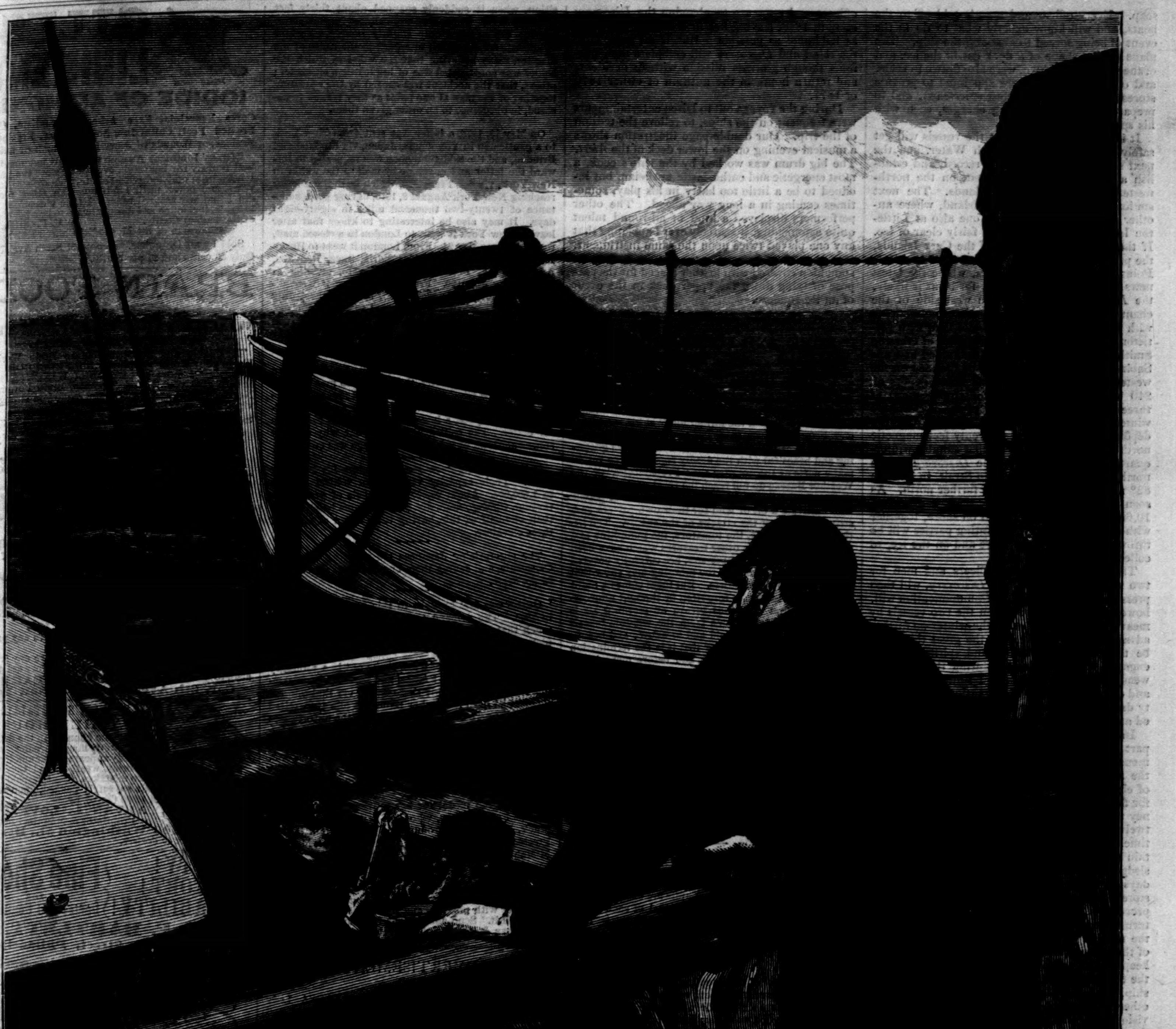
The society is not limited to the United States, but includes quite a number of members from the Dominion, one of these, Mr. W. F. Whitcher, the Commissioner of Fisheries, being a member of the Executive Committee.

Among the most important papers presented were one by Mr. Frederic Mather, on the "Poisoning and Obstruction of Waters;" one by Seth Green, on "Stocking Depleted Waters;" by Samuel Wilmot, on "Aqua Culture and Fish Protection;" by Mr. Salter, on "Fish Culture in China, and on the Chinese Shad;" by Thaddeus Norris, on the "Introduction of the Michigan Grayling into Eastern Waters;" and by James Worrall, on "Pennsylvania Fish-Ways."

There are at present about eighty members of the association.

The system of simultaneous meteorological observations which has been carried on for some years in the United States, and has during the past year been widely adopted by other nations, has enlisted the interest of Leverrier, who has sent out a circular inviting similar observations, and who states that he has received a large number of adhesions to the plan. The observations are made at fifty-three minutes past noon, Paris time, and each observer, knowing his own longitude, determines the local time proper for his own observations, in order that it may be simultaneous with the others. In France it is said that the official clocks at the railroad stations all indicate and are regulated by Paris time. These simultaneous meteorological observations constitute a special series additional to the ordinary tri-daily local series, and are intended to contribute toward the formation of a weather map which shall embrace the entire world, and show the state of the atmosphere at a certain instant of time throughout the whole inhabited earth. The observations are forwarded to Leverrier every fifteen days, and are by him at once mailed to the Army Signal-office at Washington. The wish expressed by some of his colaborers that he would print these observations as an international bulletin is responded to by his saying that this would be a doubly useless labor, in consideration of the uniform publication of all the observations taken throughout the world that will, it is hoped, be authorized by the American government.

INDIA RUBBER TREES IN THE FOREST.—[SEE PAGE 823.]



THE ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—TESTING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The English Arctic Expedition, consisting of the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, which left Bantry Bay on the 2d of June last, accompanied by the *Valorous*, laden with stores, reached the harbor of Godhavn, or Lievely, at the southwest end of the island of Disco, on the 6th of July, after a very boisterous and tedious voyage. Here the ships lay till the 15th, the *Alert* and *Discovery* being busily engaged in taking in coals and extra provisions from the *Valorous*. The *Alert* also received much gear from the *Valorous*, and two boats—a four-oared whale-boat, and a jolly-boat with oars complete, besides a little canvas coracle belonging to Captain Loftus Jones, which will prove very useful in sledging operations. Twenty-four sledge dogs were also embarked, and made themselves a terrible nuisance by their dreadful howling. The expedition was also supplied with a large net for catching white whales. An Esquimau, named Frederick, was engaged as second dog-driver, Neil Christian Petersen, who was engaged in England, having gone out with the ships. He is a Dane, thirty-six years of age, and was in the expedition of 1860–61, under Dr. Hayes. The Esquimau Hans, who was in all three American expeditions up Smith Sound, and has since settled at Proven, was to be engaged as dog-driver for the *Discovery*.

On the 15th of July the expedition left Godhavn for Ritenbenk, on the opposite side of Disco Bay. The surface of the bay was like glass, and was dotted over with icebergs of great size and most fantastic shapes, while to the left rose the basaltic cliffs forming the south shore of Disco, resting on the yellow sandstone of the miocene period, which contains coal. At midnight of the 15th the *Alert* passed close under the landward face of a magnificent iceberg, a cliff of dazzling white, the top of which was covered with "mollies," which flew up in a great cloud. On the other side the berg rose to a peak 200 feet high, under which there was a grand arch, the inner sides being of a deep rich blue. The sea was smooth as glass, and the sky, seen through the arch, was crimson tinged with gold. To complete the beauty of the picture, the *Valorous* hove in sight through the arch, her dark hull and tall masts standing out against the brilliant sky. In another hour there was a dense fog, which cleared next morning, disclosing a fine panoramic view, with glassy sea and cloudless sky. On the left were the high basaltic rocks of Disco, with the opening of the Waigat full of icebergs, ahead the lofty mountains of the Noursoak Peninsula, and to the right the gneiss cliffs and precipices of Arve Prins Island.

Next day the *Valorous* was to cross the Waigat to the coaling station, and the *Alert* and *Discovery* were to proceed on the voyage. This, the 16th of July, was therefore the last day which the crews would spend together. The *Valorous* sailed from Ritenbenk at 4 A.M., the *Alert* and *Discovery* following at 6. At 1 P.M. the *Valorous* anchored off the coal-bearing cliffs on the Disco shore of the Waigat. From the hills there was a magnificent view of icebergs streaming out of the Tossukatek Fiord, at the head of which there is a great discharging glacier, and down the Waigat, and among them the arctic ships could be seen over on the Greenland side of the strait, under all plain sail. They were standing down the Waigat (the *Alert* leading), appearing and disappearing behind the huge icebergs, about six miles off. At 5 P.M. the *Valorous* hoisted a signal at all three mast-heads, "Farewell! Speedy return."

A dense fog suddenly settled down over the bay, and next morning nothing could be seen from the *Valorous* of the exploring ships. They would probably reach Upernavik on the 21st, and having shipped Hans and his dogs, would be in Melville Bay on the 23d.

Here they would have to guard against that terrible danger, the bane of the arctic voyager, a sudden "nip," that is, the vessel being caught between vast floating masses of ice and literally crushed to pieces by their enormous weight. Against such a calamity every possible precaution has been taken. The ships themselves were greatly strengthened by beams and ribs within and planking without; and lest even now they should be destroyed, provisions are placed in readiness on the upper deck, and haversacks are served out to every officer and man, with the names painted on them. Each contains two blanket wrappers, a pair of boot hose, stockings, mitts, drawers, moccasins, a jersey, a comforter, a Welsh wig, a towel, comb, and a piece of soap. Every officer and man is told off to the boats, and will know exactly what to do in the event of being forced to abandon the ship. The plans for the shape of a dock cut in the ice, and of the pieces to be sawn, were also drawn to scale, and officers and men were appointed to provide stores, to work at the different ice-saws, and to prepare and ignite blasting charges, each with his special duty.

It is hoped, however, that the vessels will get safely through into the North Water, and the next step will be to deposit a record, and establish a large dépôt, with a boat, on the northwesternmost of the Cary Islands. The next station will be at Sutherland Island, where another record will be left, and one also at Littleton Island, if the approach is fairly clear of ice. If there is much ice north of the Cary Islands, the principal cairn, with records, will be on Gale Point, south of Cape Isabella, where the latest news will probably be found; for if, as is likely, the *Discovery* winters on the west side of the channel, it will be easier for her to communicate with Gale Point or Cape Isabella than with Littleton Island, owing to the difficulty of crossing Smith Sound. A boat will be landed at Cape Sabine. A second dépôt will be founded on the western side with a boat, and other dépôts of 240 rations (twenty days for twelve men) at three specified points south of the *Discovery's* winter-quarters. Cairns will be built near the dépôts, with notices buried twenty feet magnetic north of them. It is hoped that suitable winter-quarters will be found for the *Discovery* on the north shore of Lady Franklin Strait, in latitude 82° north, or a short distance further north. As soon as she is snugly established, a dépôt of 10,000 rations will be formed on shore, together with a supply of coals. Hunting parties will be thrown out, both to the shore and on the ice, to collect food for the dogs.

The *Alert*, taking two officers and men for two sledge parties from the *Discovery*, will then press onward to the north. Communication will, however, be kept up between the two vessels by means of sledges. During the winter no further advance can be made, and the great thing will be to preserve the health and spirits of those engaged in the enterprise during the long and weary days of darkness and solitude. Dépôts and cairns, consisting of 480 rations each, or forty days' provisions for twelve men, will be landed at intervals of about sixty miles.

In the spring of next year the most difficult part of the task before the expedition will commence. From the farthest position reached by the *Alert* six sledges will start northward, five of eight men and one of twelve, with provisions for forty days. During the first five days' journey the whole party will be provisioned from the twelve-man sledge, which, at the end of that time, will turn back to the ship, leaving a certain number of rations at the first dépôt. Five sledges will continue the journey another five days to the second dépôt, where, after leaving stores, another sledge turns back, leaving four to proceed. At fifteen days' distance a third sledge turns homeward, and only three go on, and so the number of sledges diminishes at each stage of the journey, those which have to advance still keeping their original stock of provisions, until at the fifth dépôt, thirty-six days' journey from the ship, the last sledge but one turns back, and the other is left single-handed with forty days' provisions, and the knowledge that on its return journey it can pick up sufficient stores at each dépôt to carry it on to the next. When half the forty days' rations are gone, this party will be fifty-six days' march, or about five hundred miles, from the ship (probably about May 26), and will then, of course, have to turn back whether the goal is reached or not. Two boats will accompany the long traveling parties, in case open water should be met with. They are mounted on sledges and fitted with masts and sails, so that whenever the wind is in the right direction it may be utilized to diminish the labor of dragging. As the earlier sledges return they will be engaged in exploring and collecting work, as well as hunting at shorter distances from the ship, and it is hoped that musk-oxen, reindeer, and birds will be abundant.

The dog sledges will chiefly be used in keeping open communications with the *Discovery*, and the two officers with their sledge crews belonging to the *Discovery* on board the *Alert* will return to their own ship, to be met half-way by parties from the *Discovery*, who will advance as far as 84° north, and remain until May 15 at least. The spring sledging work of the *Discovery* will form an indispensable portion of the scheme. Her parties will continue the exploration of the north coast of Greenland, and a dépôt will be formed beyond Cape Stanton. A party will go to Hall's grave and examine the stores. Another, with dogs, will communicate with the first at the entrance of Smith Sound, and leave dispatches and letters there. It is fully expected that some vessel will go to the entrance of Smith Sound to communicate and receive news in the summer of 1876, and a boat will probably be sent down by the *Discovery* during the autumn. The probability of passing a second winter in the ice, and of not being able to complete the work until 1877, has been considered. If no news is obtained of the *Alert* by the *Discovery* in 1876, Captain Stephenson is to make a second attempt to communicate in 1877; but if there is still no news, the *Discovery* is to land all provisions that can be spared and to come home in August, 1877, for it may then be concluded that the *Alert* has advanced nearer to Cape Bismarck than to Robeson Channel, and may be expected to come out on the east coast of Greenland. The relief ship which is to go out in 1877 will, if the *Alert* has not been heard of, winter at the entrance of Smith Sound. If the *Discovery* can not get out before August, 1877, she will endeavor to communicate with the relief ship, and the officers and crew are to abandon the *Discovery* early in 1878, leaving her in a safe position and as habitable as possible. But, if all goes well, the *Alert* and *Discovery* will complete their perilous though glorious mission without accident, and return home in the autumn of either 1876 or 1877.

During the voyage out to Disco entertainments were frequent on the ships, to relieve the tedium of the trip. Our double-page illustration shows a musical evening on the lower deck of the *Alert*. The big drum was worked by the ship's cook, a most energetic and enthusiastic musician, but inclined to be a little too hasty in his play, sometimes coming in a long way ahead. The other performers displayed a kind of all-round talent quite astonishing, it scarcely ever happening that any one played twice upon the same instrument. One prominent feature in the picture is an iron stanchion covered with leather placed for the purpose of tying down the upper deck in the event of an ice-squeeze.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The first heavy autumnal frost alarms all temporary residents of the country, and sends them precipitately back to their city homes—that is all. But to the agricultural community it comes as a damper to many hopes. Many an evening during the bright shining of the harvest-moon the farmer looks at his thermometer before he goes to sleep, and wonders whether morning light will show his fields and gardens glittering and beautiful with the deadly frost; for, as yet, in many parts of the country the "Probabilities" of the Weather Bureau do not reach the rural population until they have become *certainties*. Hundreds of people who cultivate a bit of land for their own private uses strive to ward off the attacks of the enemy. The little patch of melons, the tomatoes, the pumpkins and squashes, and sundry other treasures which have been ripening in the September sun, are carefully covered night after night, though the morning may show that the precaution was needless. But there comes a night when the protection is forgotten or thought unnecessary. The first conscious breath of morning air is alarming; the first glance from the window reveals the hoar-frost beading field and meadow; and beautiful as is the sight, we know that it is the termination of growth for sundry plants, and before many hours blackened leaves will show where the blow has fallen heaviest. The small gardener mourns his frost-bitten melons, and the farmer looks regretfully over his broad blackened fields. Sunny days will come before winter closes in—mild and mellow days, the glory of autumn; but they are indescribably different from those that preceded the frost-coming. We shall walk in the sunshine, among the fallen leaves, with a strange quietude, a gleam of past summer glancing across our path, and mingling, as it were, with the shadow of coming winter. But the freshness of the season is over; the frost is the harbinger of "the melancholy days;" yet not altogether sad are they, but full of sober sweetness.

The evening schools, under the supervision of the Board of Education in this city, re-open on October 4. Thirty-five school buildings are designated for these schools during the season. Pupils are examined, registered, and classified by the principal of each school previous to the opening day. The Evening High School will be opened in grammar-school No. 35, on West Thirteenth Street, for a term of twenty-four weeks.

The "season" of the Floating Hospital closed with the twenty-second excursion, which was participated in by nearly 1400 sick children and attendant mothers or nurses. A good work has been accomplished among the suffering sick children of the city.

At the recent Cincinnati fair Miss Luck was pronounced the best and most expeditious cook. In thirty minutes Miss Luck cooked—and cooked well—potatoes, chicken, porter-house steak, tomatoes, and corn, and made coffee, tea, pie, and biscuit, and set the table in the neatest style. He will be a Lucky man who obtaineth this lady to cook his dinners permanently.

A gathering of the descendants of John Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, recently took place at Guilford, Connecticut. The town of Guilford is one of the oldest in the State, and there Joseph Elliot, second son of the apostle, settled, and preached to his little colony. John Elliot landed in Boston in November, 1631, and he was the original ancestor of all who bear the names of Elyett, Elyot, Elyotte, Eliot, Elliot, and Elliott. Having a strong desire to improve the condition of the Indians, he commenced his labors among them in 1646, and continued until his death, in 1690. His great work was his translation of the Bible into the Indian language—an immense labor. There are now only sixty specimens of the work in existence, the last one sold bringing the extraordinary price of $1156. Of this Bible it has been well said that money may buy it, but no one can read it, the only man alive capable of doing so being Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Connecticut. At the recent reunion there were about 200 people. There was a variety of interesting exercises, and many quaint and curious relics of olden times were brought for examination.

The recent terrible accident by which three firemen were killed while experimenting in the use of the aerial ladder awakens an interest in the history of this invention, which was designed to enable firemen to carry hose to so great height that water could be thrown into and over buildings without the risk of standing upon the roofs of adjacent burning buildings. We understand that the aerial ladder was the invention of Signor Porta, of Milan, Italy, where it has been successfully used for many years. The right to introduce the invention into this country was purchased by Mrs. Scott-Uda, who took out a patent for the United States and Great Britain, and brought from Italy three specimen ladders. They were tested and approved by the Fire Commissioners and Department of New York city, and the original ladders have been exhibited elsewhere, and favorably received. The city purchased the right to manufacture and use them for municipal purposes, and four ladders, constructed of spruce timber, were manufactured at Concord, New Hampshire, and tested many times. The Italian ladders were made of white-walnut, a hard tough wood. On the occasion of the recent accident there were seven men on the ladder, which was about ninety-six feet in length. It was raised by machinery to nearly a perpendicular position, when it suddenly snapped about thirty feet from the base. Three men were almost instantly killed, the others were only slightly injured. Various opinions were expressed in regard to the cause of the disaster, many believing that the wood of which the ladder was constructed was of too brittle a character; others, that the accident was caused by the crowding together of the men at one point as they turned to descend, in obedience to an order given them.

On May 13, 1875, a letter was sent from New York to a gentleman in Yokohama, Japan, via England and Brindisi, and the said gentleman was requested to forward the letter and envelope by mail to the writer in New York, via San Francisco, which he did, the letter reaching New York August 8, 1875, having gone a distance of twenty-two thousand miles in eighty-eight days. It may also be interesting to know that after leaving New York it went to London in a closed mail, reaching there May 24. From London it went to Hong-Kong (closed mail) via Alexandria, Suez, Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, and Singapore, arriving at Hong-Kong June 26. From Hong-Kong it went direct to Yokohama (closed mail), arriving there July 12. From Yokohama it proceeded to San Francisco, which place it reached August 1, arriving in New York August 8, 1875. It averaged two hundred and fifty miles per day.

Somebody criticises the new Wellesley College on account of its five stories, thus giving so many flights of stairs to be climbed every day by students, and the suggestion is made that where there is so much available ground space, a lower building would have been far better. The criticism is just; but why did not some one think of it before the college was erected?

Chicago has eighteen steam-elevators for handling grain. Their capacity varies from 200,000 bushels to 1,500,000. About 90,000,000 bushels of grain pass through Chicago annually, and two firms handle more than one-half of this, having the control of eight of these elevators.

The enterprising Japanese are shipping bricks to California, and selling them cheaper than those made in the State.

Guano was first brought to this country from Peru in 1825. The demand for it has since increased so much that whole islands have disappeared under the pick and shovel.

In the winter of 1838 a fire broke out in a seminary for girls at Limoges, France, and spread with alarming rapidity. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. While the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate child, a tall girl, with disheveled hair and flowing night-gown, rushed through the crowd, crying, "I'll save her," and dashed into the burning building. Presently a loud shout, and the pale-faced girl was seen bringing the terrified child through the flames. A few days afterward King Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal for her bravery, and a captain of the French army, who had witnessed the girl's pluck, begged an introduction. The captain is now President of France, and the brave girl Madame M'Mahon.

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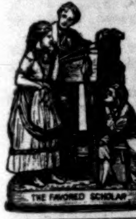

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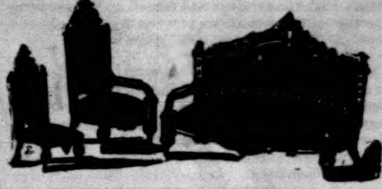

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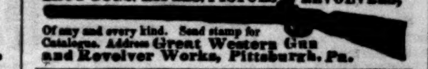

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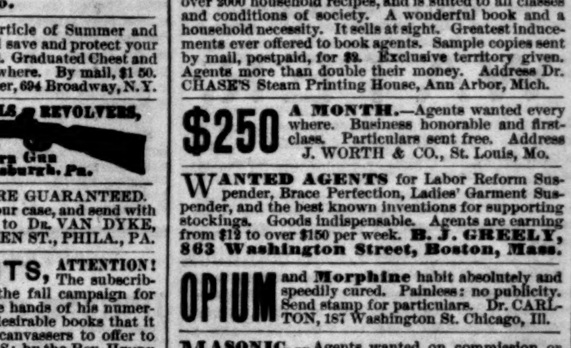

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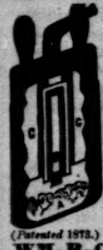

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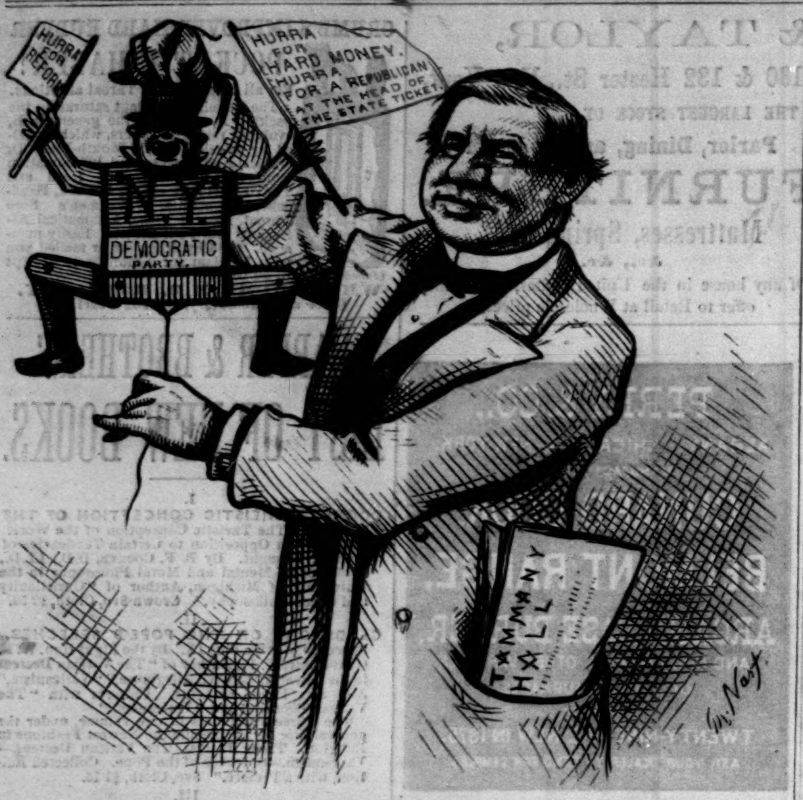
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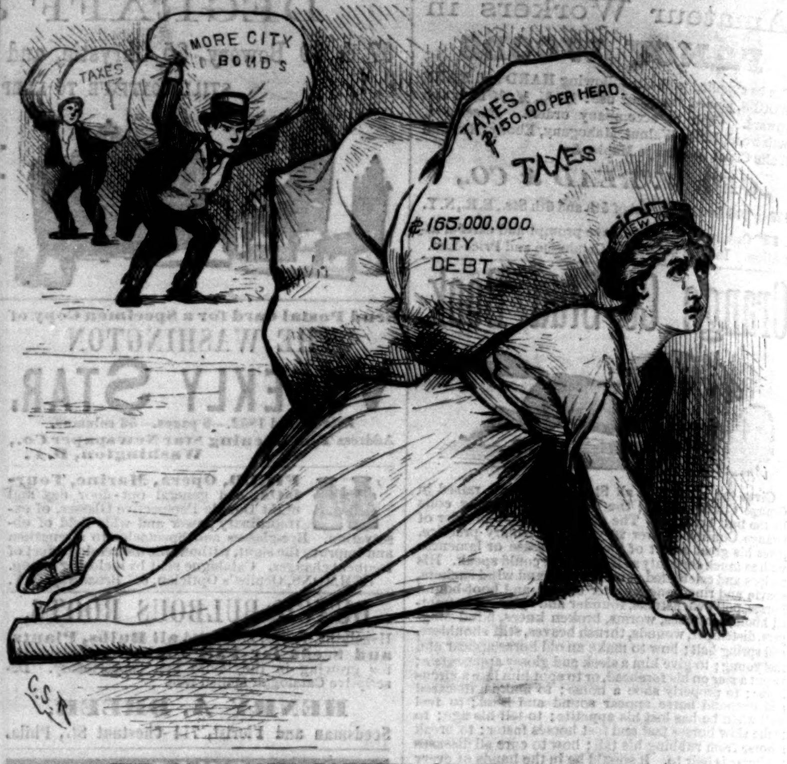

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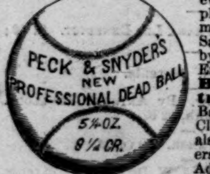

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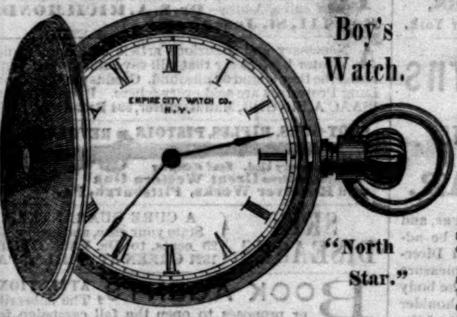

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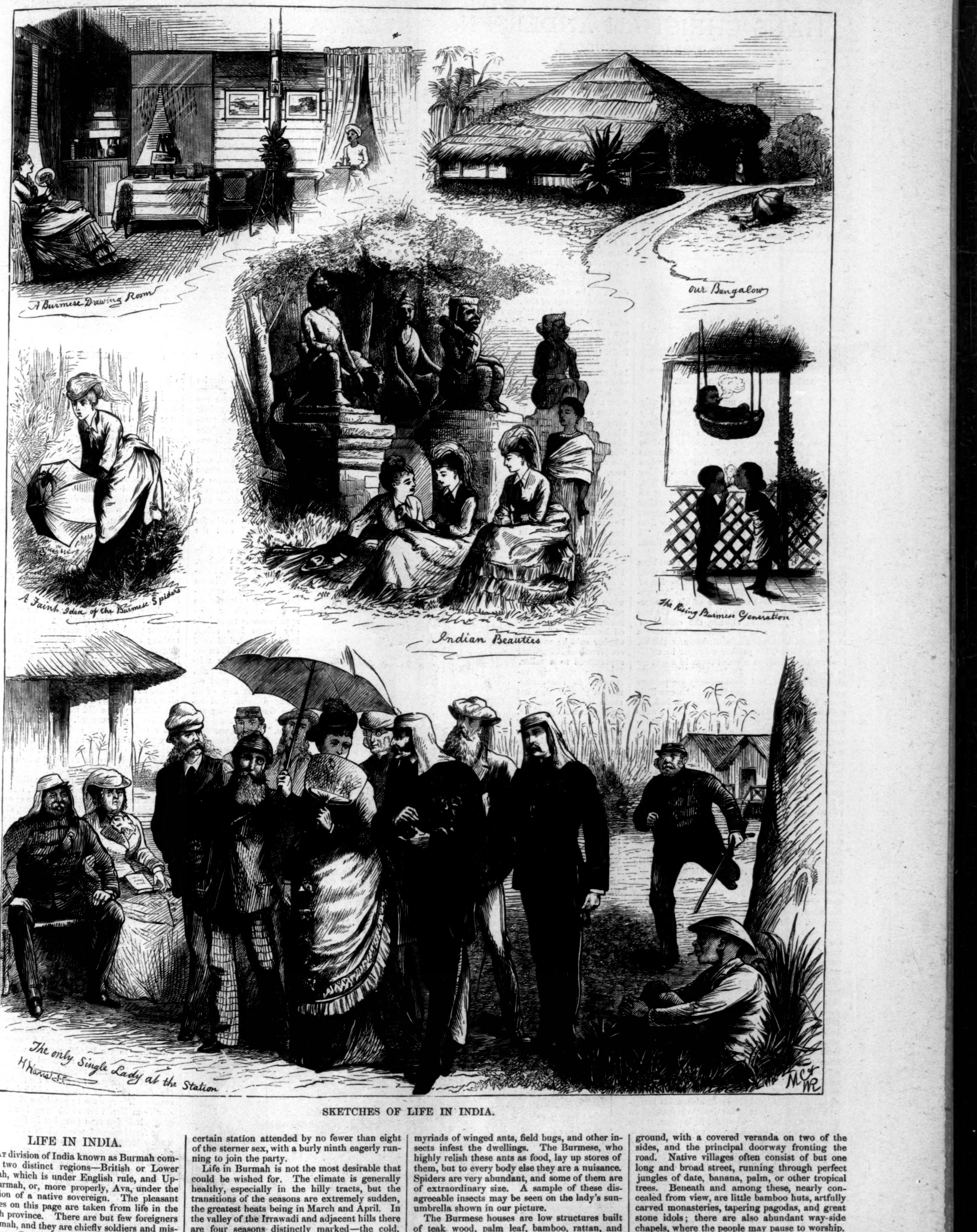
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SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

LIFE IN INDIA.

THAT division of India known as Burmah comprises two distinct regions—British or Lower Burmah, which is under English rule, and Upper Burmah, or, more properly, Ava, under the dominion of a native sovereign. The pleasant sketches on this page are taken from life in the English province. There are but few foreigners in Burmah, and they are chiefly soldiers and missionaries. Some of the latter have their families with them, and there are also unmarried ladies engaged in the missionary work, but the number of the fair sex among the foreigners in the country is very few. It must be so, indeed, when the artist saw but one marriageable young lady at a certain station attended by no fewer than eight of the sterner sex, with a burly ninth eagerly running to join the party.

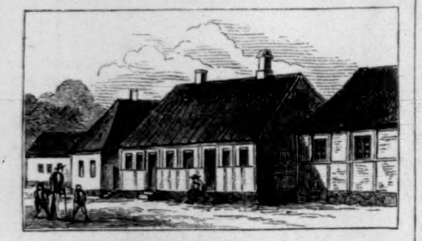
Life in Burmah is not the most desirable that could be wished for. The climate is generally healthy, especially in the hilly tracts, but the transitions of the seasons are extremely sudden, the greatest heats being in March and April. In the valley of the Irrawadi and adjacent hills there are four seasons distinctly marked—the cold, from November to February, the first rainy, from March to May, the hot, from June to August, and the second rainy, in September and October. Earthquakes are frequent, and often usher in and conclude the wet season. Insects are numerous, and a few weeks before the rainy season myriads of winged ants, field bugs, and other insects infest the dwellings. The Burmese, who highly relish these ants as food, lay up stores of them, but to every body else they are a nuisance. Spiders are very abundant, and some of them are of extraordinary size. A sample of these disagreeable insects may be seen on the lady's sun-umbrella shown in our picture.

The Burmese houses are low structures built of teak wood, palm leaf, bamboo, rattan, and grass, and are generally raised upon piles four or five feet from the ground, as a preservative against fevers bred by the dampness of the air, and to provide against the inundations of the rainy seasons. Some of the houses, or bungalows, as they are called, are built directly on the ground, with a covered veranda on two of the sides, and the principal doorway fronting the road. Native villages often consist of but one long and broad street, running through perfect jungles of date, banana, palm, or other tropical trees. Beneath and among these, nearly concealed from view, are little bamboo huts, artfully carved monasteries, tapering pagodas, and great stone idols; there are also abundant way-side chapels, where the people may pause to worship. Smoking is a favorite pastime of the people, men and women, boys and girls, and even little children indulging in the use of the weed. A well-known traveler says that he has frequently seen babes at their mothers' breast alternating the nourishment of nature with pulls at their cheroots.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By HORACE E. SCUDDER.

When Hans Christian Andersen died last August, and the telegraph brought the news from Copenhagen, and a day or two afterward gave an account of the funeral, at which the royal family and deputations from all parts of Denmark and other countries were present, a good many persons were almost as much taken by surprise, I fancy, as they would have been if it had been reported that Æsop had died. The stories which we read in our childhood always seem to have been written by people who had lived a great while before; we do not pay much attention to the names of the authors, and when we suddenly discovered, years afterward, that a writer whose books we then read is living, it is difficult to believe that he may be, after all, only ten or a dozen years older than ourselves. *The Constant Tin Soldier* was published nearly forty years ago, when Andersen was thirty-three years old, and how many generations of children from that day to this have followed the fortunes of that brave little fellow! And still, when nearly seventy years old, the author was writing little stories for children, writing some, in fact, expressly for children in America, keeping all through his life that feeling for these peculiar stories which made him say, earlier in his career, when people advised him not to waste his time and talents in writing stories for children: "I would willingly have discontinued writing them, but they forced themselves from me."

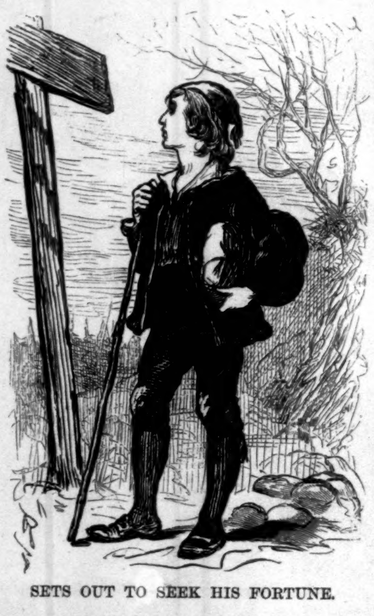


ANDERSEN'S BOYHOOD HOME.

To write effectively for children one must have a genuine sympathy with them, and this is pretty surely connected with a vivid recollection of the story-teller's own childhood. This Andersen had, and he had made use of his recollections by direct transfer to his stories. He was born April 2, 1805, in Odense, the capital of Fünen in Denmark, of poor parents, his father a shoe-maker, who was made, Andersen thinks, for better things, his mother a beggar in childhood. They lived in a small room in a cottage in Vesterbro, a suburb of Odense, which was still standing in 1867, and is very likely yet pointed out as Andersen's birth-place. The one little room held the shoe-maker's bench, the bed, the child's crib, and the kitchen utensils. The walls were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs. Often in his stories of humble life can we see little interiors which were not merely seen by the eye of an artist, but familiar by homely, personal experience. By means of a ladder one could go out on the roof, and there in the gutter between it and the neighbor's house was a great box filled with soil, in which his mother raised vegetables. He has drawn it for us with pretty touches of fancy in the beginning of *The Snow-Queen.* His parents knew the jailer of the Odense House of Correction, and thither they took the little boy on visits of pleasure: a strange place into which to thrust his sensitive imagination. Out of it sprang his novel *O. T.*, and, no doubt, such few pictures of crime as he has drawn. His father's parents had once been in easy circumstances, but his grandfather had lost his mind, and now went about the country selling toys, while his grandmother was employed to take care of the garden belonging to a lunatic asylum, and so there also the little boy went, and was fascinated and terrified with the sights and sounds; the old ladies in the asylum told him stories, and he discoursed to them with a childish pretense to wisdom which must have been very like their own foolishness. From out of this strange school came doubtless many of those superstitious notions of which his stories are full, and in which he seems more than half to believe. Then, when he was just able to run about and talk, the town was suddenly filled with dark brown Spaniards, for Denmark was in alliance with Napoleon, war had been declared against Sweden, and French troops with Spanish auxiliaries were quartered in Fünen. The presence of the Spaniards made a deep impression upon the child, and Spain furnished his imagination largely. One of his dramas is founded on the event. He wrote a popular little poem, "The Soldier," describing an incident that occurred to him then, and his *Story from the Sand Hills of Jutland* is part and parcel of this memory.

Andersen's schooling in his early days was very slight, and he suffered for years from a deficiency in elementary matters, which are easily learned in childhood, but hardly learned afterward if then neglected. He seldom played with the other boys, but found his pleasure at home with the playthings his father made for him. "My greatest delight," he says, "was in making clothes for my dolls, or in stretching out one of my mother's aprons between the wall and two sticks before a currant-bush which I had planted in the yard, and thus to gaze in between the sun-illumined leaves. I was a singularly dreamy child, and so constantly went about with my eyes shut as at last to give the impression of having weak sight, although the sense of sight was especially cultivated by me." But the occupation which held him more than any thing else as he grew was dramatizing. His father read to him from the *Arabian Nights* and Holberg's plays, and, when old enough, took him to the theatre, which in Denmark occupies a place quite as prominent, perhaps, as the newspaper does with us; certainly more prominent than the newspaper there holds. The play-bills are sold in the streets, but the little boy made friends with the hawker, who gave him one every day, when he would sit down in the corner by himself and imagine the entire play by means of the names of the piece and of the characters. He had his little puppets, and made them play comedies. He wrote a play, borrowing the subject from an old song about Pyramus and Thisbe, but introduced a hermit and his son to extend the incidents. The hermit occupied himself with saying sentences out of the catechism. One of his neighbors laughed at it when he read it to her, after it had been received by all the people in the street, and the little fellow, who was afterward to be made miserable by criticism and ridicule, tasted his first bitterness now.

His father died, and his mother married again; but his step-father, who was a grave, commonplace sort of man, left to himself this queer little boy, with his long bright yellow hair, who went about bare-headed, dressed in old-fashioned clothes cut down from his father's apparel, with the additional finery of pieces of silk pinned over his chest to represent a waistcoat, and a neckerchief with a mighty bow. The boys chased him in the streets, calling after him, "There runs the play-writer!" but the more discerning people, attracted by his sweet, brilliant voice, with which he sang and recited, began to take an interest in him. His mother tried to put him in the way of making him earn his living. He was sent to a cloth manufactory, but fled from it in terror when the rough men repaid his songs and recitations with ill-mannered handling. Then his mother said he must be confirmed, and afterward apprenticed to a tailor. He was regularly instructed in the confirmation class, and, what made quite as much of an impression upon him, was dressed entirely anew, with a new pair of boots that creaked as he walked down the aisle of the church. One can see how out of an incident that possessed his childish imagination he afterward constructed the powerful story of *The Red Shoes.*



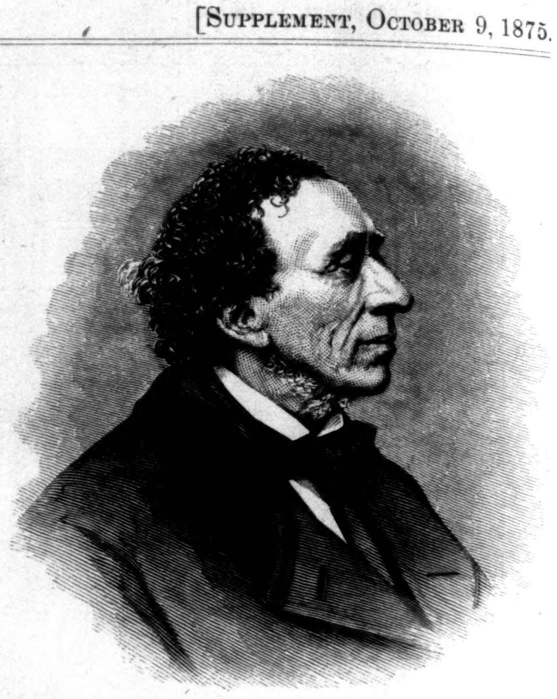
SETS OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

But now, at fourteen years of age, he resolved to go out into the world. He rejected the notion of learning a trade. He was a shy, awkward boy, but with a childish ignorance of the world that led him to do the most straightforward and unexpected things. He had heard of the ballet at Copenhagen, and especially of Madame Schall, the *première danseuse.* He had never seen a ballet, but from the description given him he judged it to be something much finer than both the opera and the play; so he determined to go to Copenhagen, seek out Madame Schall, and offer his services. His mother wept, but the ugly duckling was already getting to be incomprehensible to her, and conscious too of certain swan-like aspirations; so the lad was to have his own way. He had saved thirteen rix-dollars, about eight dollars, and with this, a small bundle of clothes, his sweet voice, youth, and destiny, he set out for Copenhagen. He had indeed another testimonial by which he set great store. He had gone to an old printer of the town, Joersen by name, whom he had never seen, and who also had never seen Madame Schall, and obtained a letter of introduction to the dancer.

It was in the morning when he entered Copenhagen, and rambling about he came soon to the theatre as by a sort of instinct, and then he felt at home, though he did not yet venture within it; but on the next day, dressed in his confirmation suit, he presented himself at Madame Schall's door. "Before I rang the bell," he says, "I fell on my knees before the door, and prayed God that here I might find help and support." On being admitted, he gravely told Madame Schall that he should like to play Cinderella, and asking permission to take off his boots, which were too heavy for the part, and still kept probably their unfortunate creak, he used his hat for a tambourine, and began to dance and sing. The dancer thought this extraordinary object must be out of his wits, and got him out of the house as quickly as possible; so he went next to the manager of the theatre, and asked for an engagement.

"You are too thin for the theatre," said the manager.

"Oh, if you will only engage me," said the boy, "with one hundred rix-dollars salary I shall soon get fat!" But his repartee did not persuade the manager. His two disappointments turned his gay hopes into ashes, but he consoled himself with saying, "When every thing happens miserably, God sends help. I have always read so. People must first of all suffer a great deal before they can bring any thing to accomplishment." So he put on a brave face and bought a gallery ticket for the opera of *Paul and Virginia.* The scene of the separation of the lovers affected him so to tears that some sympathetic woman near by gave him a sausage sandwich for consolation, whereupon he explained earnestly that the theatre was his Virginia, and he wept to think that, like Paul, he was to be separated from it. He told his forlorn experience, and now he got more sandwiches, with fruit and cakes, but very little intellectual compassion. He certainly seemed likely to need the sandwiches most, for the next morning, after paying his bill, he found himself left with one rix-dollar, or about sixty cents. Something must be done, and buying a newspaper he saw that a cabinet-maker advertised for an apprentice. If he went back to Odense he would have to learn a trade; he would at least be no worse off here, so he applied for the situation. He was taken, and spent nearly a whole day there, when he could no longer bear the coarse jests of his fellows, and fled as before, but this time had no home to go to. He remembered as he walked the streets the name of one Siboni, who was director of the Academy of Music. Every one had praised his voice, so he betook himself to Siboni's house. It chanced that Siboni was giving a large dinner party, and among others present were Baggesen and Weyse, with whom the boy afterward associated on equal terms. The housekeeper opened the door to him, and he told her his story, what he desired, and just what had happened to him. So interested was she that she told the whole company, and Andersen sang to them and recited scenes. The result was that a subscription was raised for him, and he was received into Siboni's house to take lessons; but, alas! after living with him half a year, his voice failed, and nothing more was to be looked for from that. Yet he had begun to make friends, who collected a sum of money for him. This he spent little by little, but managed to get along for two years, playing now and then insignificant parts in the theatre, and every where attaching himself by his *naïveté* and affection to singers, actors, and dancers, as well as to men of letters. People were amused with this odd fellow who persisted in being himself, and could not be driven out of his imaginative life. He read books, he wrote tragedies, and showed them to all sorts of people; he was petted by writers and old ladies, yet he did not seem to get on, and was almost discouraged. He was now seventeen years old, lank and awkward, easy to please, easy to dismay; but at this point, when he was turning to one and another, he was advised to make himself known to the family of Collin, an old Danish family of high standing, the head of the house then holding responsible positions. At last he found what he needed, a friend who was not merely entertained by him or excited to an impulsive interest, but a steadfast, discerning man, who saw Andersen's need of some regular life in the direction which his bent of mind indicated. Collin procured for him a government grant and admission, free of expense, at a good school in Slagelse, and from that time forward was Andersen's real friend and adviser. *The Improvisatore* bears the graceful and tender dedication: "To the Conference Councilor Collin and to his noble wife, in whom I found parents, whose children were brethren and sisters to me, whose house was my home, do I here present the best of which I am possessed."



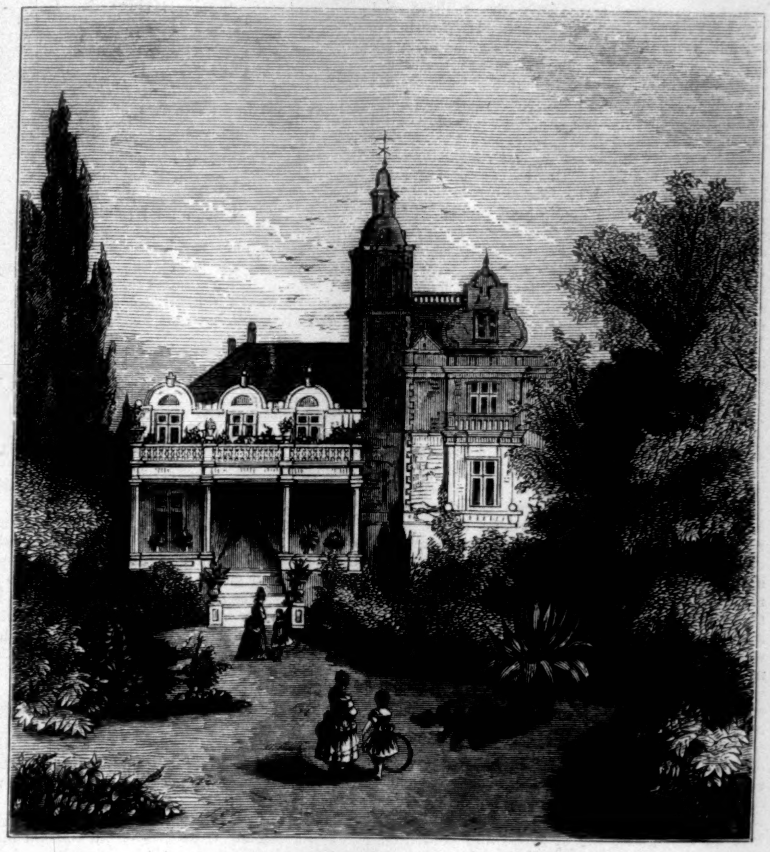
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

This was the turning-point in Andersen's fortune; but, like many such turns, it brought with it its own special misery. He was seventeen years old, and had thus far followed his own will—a boy's will—wherever it led him. Now he was put under discipline and restraint—none too soon for his real gain, but all the more odious was the restraint. He continued at school in Slagelse and at Elsinore, and afterward under private tutors at Copenhagen, until he was twenty-three, when he was entered for examination, according to the Danish custom, with two hundred others, and was admitted to the rank of student. The first result of his education was a book, *A Journey on Foot from the Holm Canal to the East Point of Amager*, which is much the same as if one were to publish a similar excursion from New York to Richmond on Staten Island. It is not read now, but its fantastic character foreshadowed peculiarities of Andersen's work afterward to be more temperately displayed. It was nevertheless a book, and as such received the acclamation of his fellow-students, and was rapidly bought. Under the excitement of its issue and of his sense of freedom, Andersen wrote a vaudeville, *Love on the Nicholas Tower*, which was played, and still occasionally is given now, I believe. He still kept at his studies, and at Christmas passed his second examination, and in the same year brought out his first volume of poems. He was restless with a pent-up nature, that burst forth now and then in a disorderly, irregular manner. He tried to conceal himself behind satire and mockery; he tried in vain to be something else than what he was. He traveled in his own country, and began to write about

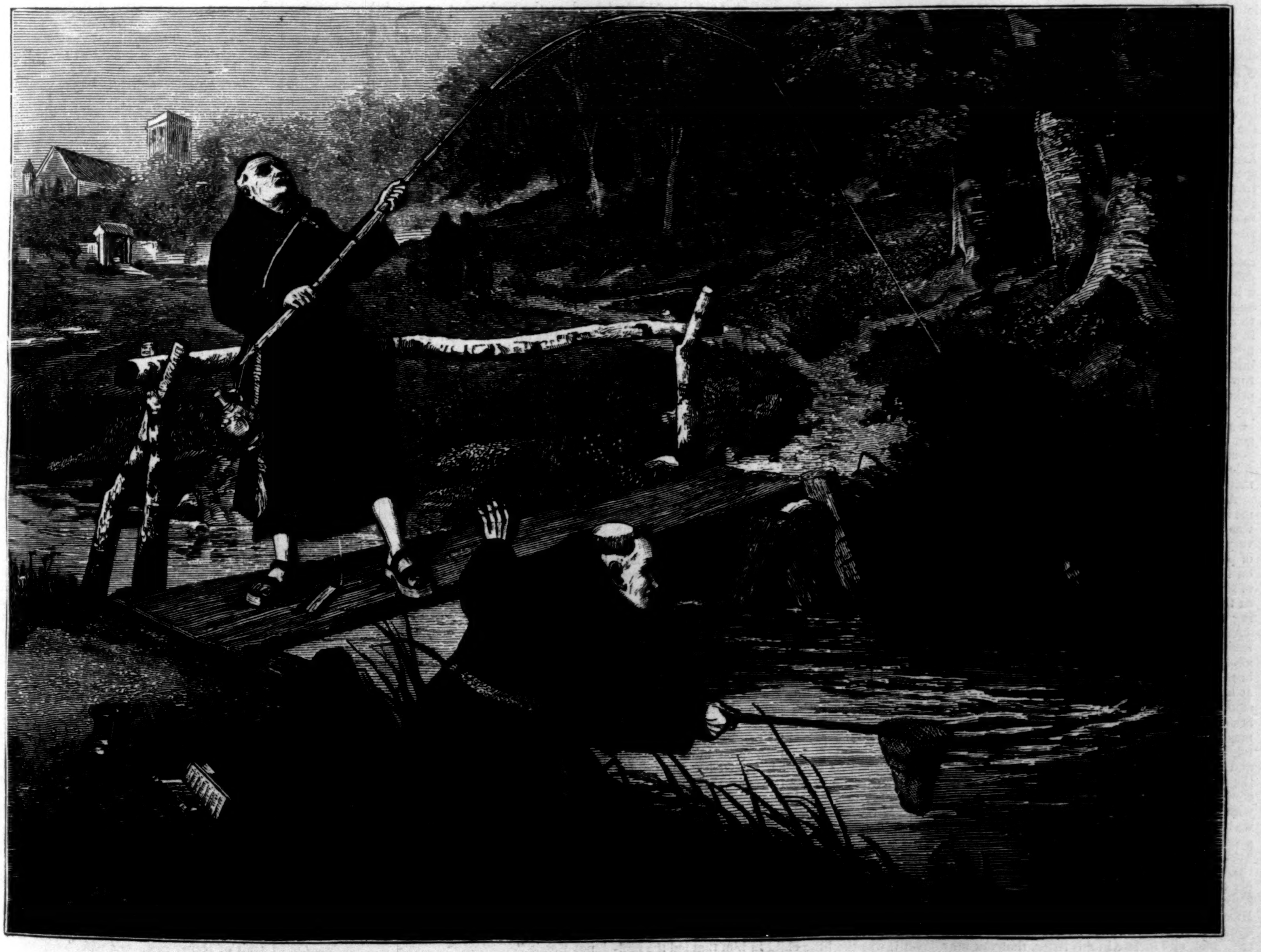
TELLING A STORY.

what he had not seen. He was seized with his first love, but suffered only disappointment. Collin came forward again, and advised him to travel farther, in order that this wild bird might try his wings on wider flights, and especially escape from that perpetual habit of looking in the glass of the Danish public and trying to discover what his mental features really were. He went to Germany, and came back and published an account of his travels. He was, however, still the ugly duckling to most, jeered at, sported with, and all the more that he was so cruelly conscious of inviting ridicule. He was bruised in his rough passage among his countrymen, yet he persisted in writing both prose and verse. He maintained himself by his pen, and produced much that was driven from him by necessity. He was not yet free, and could not write freely. He was hampered by a continual consciousness of criticism; it was as if when he wrote he thought all Denmark was looking over his shoulder. Still in whatever he did there was a something which was his own, and not merely the reflection of other people's work; he gave a foretaste of certain qualities which were afterward to be found really characteristic of him, and from the beginning of his writing one could keep seeing the gayly dressed dolls and shimmer of light through calico that were his playthings in childhood. In the book of travels, too, which marked his return to Copenhagen, there was, quite hidden in the narrative, an odd little story, suddenly invented by Andersen, of an old king who was sure he never had heard a lie, and so promised that any one who should tell him one should have the princess and half his kingdom. It was the first, almost accidental, discovery of a vein which he was afterward to work to his greatest fame. He was oppressed by his need of writing, and still more suffocated by the close social air of Denmark. He applied for a traveling pension, and received it, amidst the advice and congratulation of his friends and the jest and ridicule of his critics. He went again to the Continent, loitered on the way in France and Switzerland, and finally, in his own impressive words, "On the 5th of September, 1833, I crossed the Simplon on my way to Italy. On the very day on which, fourteen years before, I had arrived poor and helpless in Copenhagen, did I set foot in this country of my longing and of my poetical happiness."

It is only now and then that one is able to cross a Rubicon and know it. Andersen, in grouping the events of his life, does not lay too much stress on this turn. He found himself in Italy the person for whom he had been vainly fumbling and feeling about for in the dark of his own country. Margaret Fuller expressed her own sense of what Rome was to her when she said that she had at last reached home, and Andersen, with a passionate nature restrained and cooped up by artificial means, now at length, in the poetical freedom of Italy, attained his own poetical majority. He came of age, and a flood of poetic life burst forth in *The Improvisatore.* This book to many is too luscious and torrid; but it must be taken in connection with Andersen's life and nature, when it will be found that though the full sunshine is somewhat glaring if we come into it out of the shade, it really envelops and bathes all that it touches. The effect of the book on the public and on Andersen himself was equally strong. Criticism gave way before it, and the writer Andersen was hailed with enthusiasm. Andersen's own uneven, oftentimes morbid, temperament was elevated by the sudden consciousness of having wrought well to success; and though the critics continued to worry the oversensitive author, and the man continued to be a prey to his highly sensitive organization, the battle of life, which up to this time had seemed uncertain, was now clearly won. Thenceforth the stream of Andersen's life flowed brightly, and with no such violent contrasts as marked its earlier years.


THE VILLA ROLIGHED, WHERE THE POET DIED.

Yet as an author he was still to produce certain writings which fix his place in literature and in popular affection far more surely than does *The Improvisatore.* In the same year in which that was published there came out a little volume by Andersen, entitled, *Wonder Stories told for Children*, containing the now well-known stories of "The Tinder-Box," "Little Klaus and Big Klaus," "The Princess on Pease," and "Little Ida's Flowers." The first three were stories which he had heard in his childhood; the fourth was in part the recollection of a talk he had heard between the poet Thiele and his daughter Ida. In them all he simply had in mind to tell them on paper as he would tell them, and often did tell them, to children. The book received very little attention, being, in fact, rather thrust aside by people, who said it was unworthy of the author of *The Improvisatore.* How Andersen himself felt about them, when the reviewers advised him to waste no more time over such work, may be told in his simple words, "I would willingly have discontinued writing them, but they forced themselves from me." The next year he brought out a second part, of the same size, and the following year a third part, and then he brought the three together into a decent sized volume, and wrote a preface deprecating somewhat the tone of public criticism, and accounting for the origin of the stories, which had thus far been drawn almost exclusively from his memory of what he had heard as a child or from other literature. Only three of the stories were strictly his own invention. These interested him above all others, and each year, as he added another little volume, he departed more and more from his first plan, and depended upon his own wit and observation for the invention. His own interest increased in his work, and he more fully conceived the limitations of this kind of writing. He discovered, also, what, after all, must be counted as Andersen's chief contribution to literature—the delicious humor and fun which were to be disclosed by endowing ordinary and inanimate objects with imagined vitality. "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "The Top and Ball," "The Shepherdess and Chimney-Sweep"—these give one the impression that he is looking at life through the reverse end of an opera-glass. The personalities are sharply and clearly defined, but every thing is on a most diminutive scale. The stories, too, had now been found out by people. They were so quaint; they abounded in so many happy turns; they embodied so much folk-lore, and breathed, too, so pure a spirit; they were, moreover, so novel and unexpected, that they soon became universal favorites. Since Andersen showed us how all this could be done he has had many imitators, some of them, indeed, successful in their way, so that stories of this kind no longer have the charm of novelty. It was


"STEADY, BROTHER, STEADY."—[From a Painting by W. D. Sadler, in the Royal Academy of 1875.]